CANADIAN CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK THREE

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CANADIAN CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK THREE

BY

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CANADIAN CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK THREE

MAURICE
DEY

BEHIND THE FENCE

"I see a great big bee,
A buzzing one!" says Folly.
"There's a toad hopping up the road,
Perhaps I can catch him!" says Molly.
"A butterfly! look! going by!"
Says Mischief at the gate.
"Hush, Mischief, Molly, silly Folly,"
Cries Mother — "*Master's late!*"

"The great big bee has bitten me.
Ouch! how it hurts!" says Folly.
"That toad won't play, but hops away,
Afraid of me," says Molly.
"My butterfly flew to the sky,"
And Mischief cocks an ear.
"Hush, Mischief, Molly, silly Folly,"
Cries Mother — "*Master's here!*"

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

FATHER'S SECRET

One morning David's father said, "Let me see, David, do you have a birthday soon?"

"Yes, Father," said David. "I shall be nine years old next Saturday. And, oh, Father! please remember what you promised that I might have when I was nine years old! Are you going to give him to me on my birthday?"

Father's eyes twinkled as he said, "What did I promise you, David? Was it a doll or a kitten?"

"Oh, Father! You promised me a dog," said David.

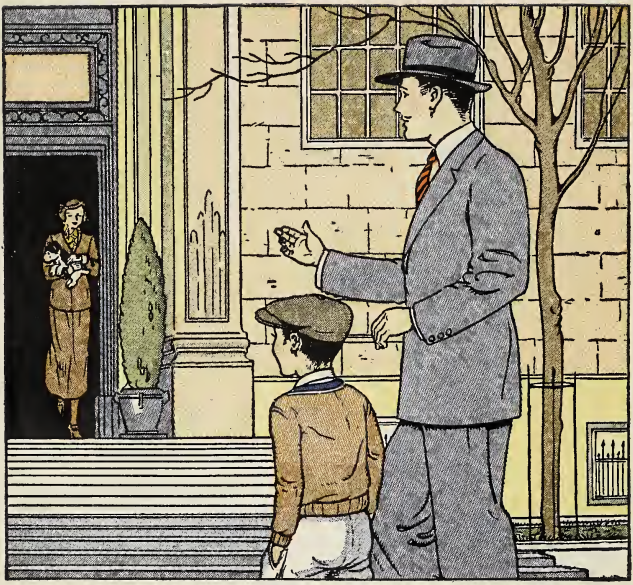
"Well," said Father, "I shall have to keep my promise. But perhaps I had better give you something else for a birthday present."

When Saturday morning came David found among his birthday presents a letter from Father. In it Father asked David to go to the city with him that morning to visit the K.C.S.

"What is the K.C.S., Father?" said David.

"That is a secret," said Father. "See if you can guess what the letters K.C.S. stand for."

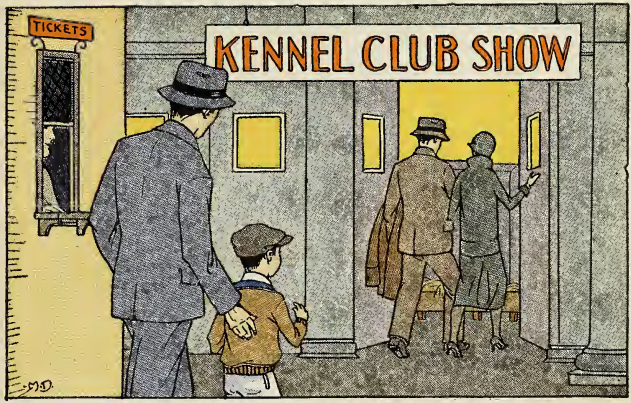
David thought and thought, but he couldn't guess what words began with the letters K.C.S.



When Father and David got to the city, Father took David to a large building. As they started up the steps David said, "Is this the K.C.S., Father?"

"Yes, this is the place," said his father.

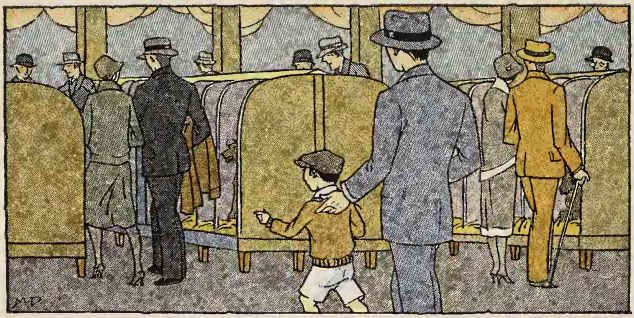
Still David did not know what the letters K.C.S. stood for.



Then Father opened the door. It seemed to David that he had never heard such a noise before. He thought that all the dogs in the world must be barking at once. Then he saw this sign

KENNEL CLUB SHOW

The secret was out. David and his father were at the dog show of the Kennel Club.

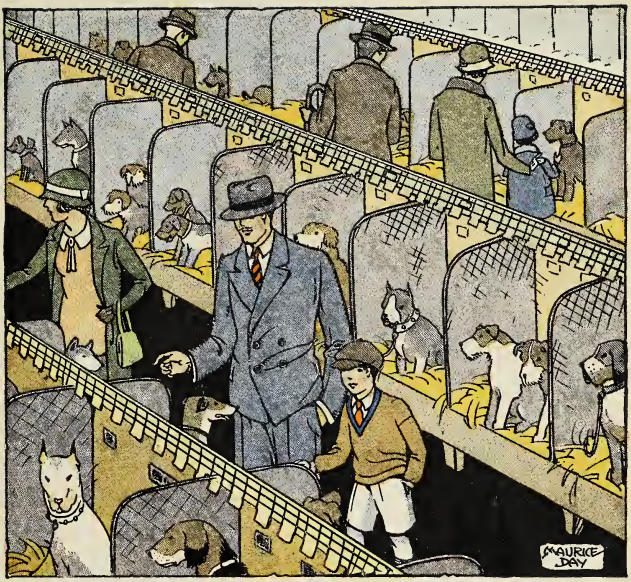


AT THE DOG SHOW

Father got two tickets at the ticket window of the Kennel Club Show. Then a man let them pass inside the door.

"Now, David," said Father, "we are going to see many different kinds of dogs. You may choose the kind of dog you would like to have. We won't get the dog here, but we will decide what kind of dog you would like to own."

David was so happy that he couldn't say a word, but Father knew how he felt.



There were big dogs and little dogs. There were dogs with long legs and dogs with short legs. There were dogs with long tails and dogs with short tails. There were shaggy dogs and smooth dogs. David wondered how he could ever choose a dog from among so many.

There was one big heavy dog with a straight back and strong legs. He had a rough, shaggy coat. His eyes were so kind that when he looked at him, David wanted to throw his arms around the dog's neck.

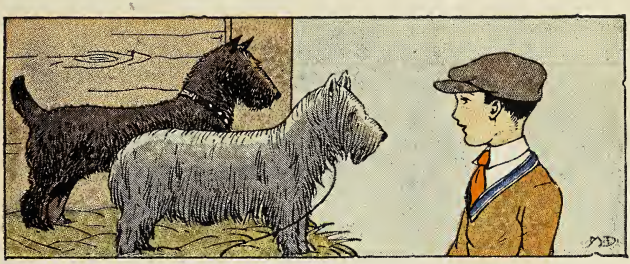
The keeper said that this was a St. Bernard dog. The St. Bernard dog, he told them, is an excellent dog to watch property and is a kind playfellow.

The keeper told David about a St. Bernard dog that lived in the house with a Skye terrier and a kitten. The Skye terrier used to play with the kitten. One day the kitten cried out because the Skye terrier was playing too roughly with her. Then the St. Bernard picked up the kitten very gently by the back of the neck. He carried her up to the porch out of the terrier's way.

David felt sure that he should like to own a St. Bernard dog. The only trouble was that he was such a big dog. David knew that he couldn't have him in the house. The keeper said, also, that a St. Bernard likes to live where it is very cold. His thick coat of hair makes him too hot to live where it is warm.

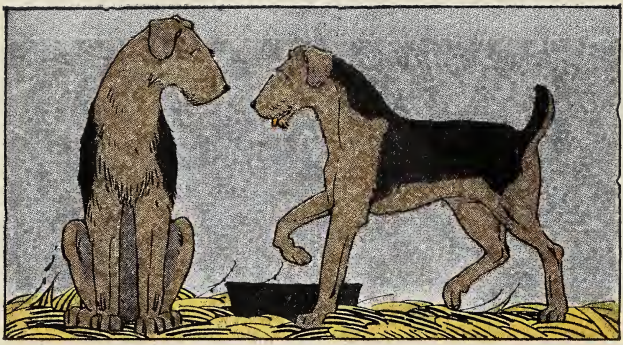
After David heard this, he felt that he should not choose a St. Bernard dog.

Next to the St. Bernard were the terriers. These were small dogs with bright little faces. They looked lively and full of fun. The keeper said that they were full of fun, but were great fighters. They were faithful to their owners and were a great help in catching mice and rats. He said that terriers could easily be taught to do many tricks.



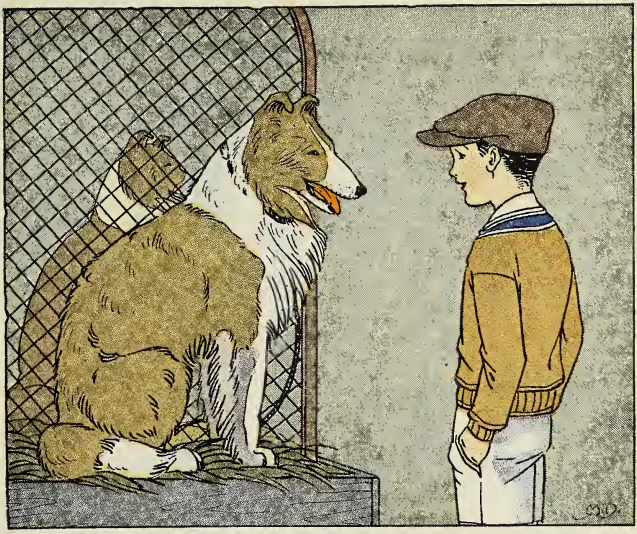
There were a number of different kinds of terriers. The Skye terrier's hair was long and covered his face so that you could hardly see his eyes. His nose looked like a little black button. David thought the Skye terrier looked a little like a window mop.

The fox terriers were black and white dogs. Some had smooth coats. Others had straight stiff coats of hair. They seemed to David to be always listening for something. Father said that this was because their eyes were so bright and their pointed ears were turned forward.

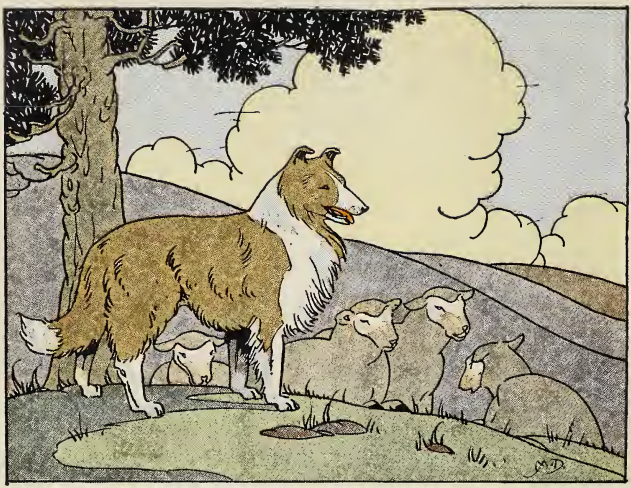


David came to the Airedales next. The Airedales are large terriers, and are black and tan in color. The keeper told David that an Airedale can learn to do almost anything. He can be taught to drive sheep or cattle, to guard a baby, or to hunt. The Airedale is a fine playfellow for children. He is kind, obedient, and faithful. He is afraid of nothing on land or on sea.

David thought that he might want to choose one of the terriers.



Then David came to the collies, with their long flat silky coats and the ruff of hair about their necks and chests. He thought that they were the most beautiful dogs he had seen. Some of the collies were black and tan, others were an orange brown with a white ruff, and one collie was all white.



The keeper told David that these dogs were very knowing. In countries where sheep are raised they help the shepherd take the sheep to pasture. They guard them all day and bring them back at night without losing one sheep. As pets, collies are beautiful, kind, knowing, and friendly dogs. They do not always like to have strangers come near them.

When David saw the dogs next to the collies he thought they were wolves. But Father told him they were police dogs. These dogs are strong and lively, and very faithful to their owners. They can easily be trained to do many things, such as guarding property and discovering fires.

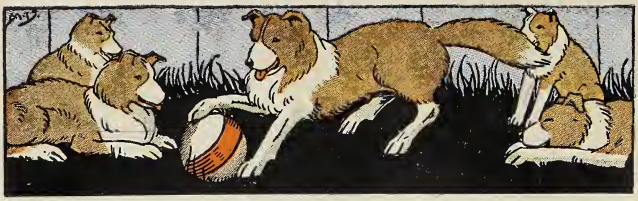
The keeper told David about a police dog that was named Dolf. He was named Dolf because he was part dog and part wolf. Dolf and a little kitten named Fluff were great friends. They would play together for hours.

In the yard where they lived was a bench on which Fluff would stand. As Dolf ran under the bench Fluff would jump on his back. To hold on, Fluff would stick her claws into Dolf's back. This would make him race around and around the yard. When he came near the bench, off Fluff would jump.

Fluff's claws couldn't have hurt Dolf very much, for before long back he would run under the bench. There Fluff was waiting for him. Then off Dolf and Fluff would go again for another frolic.

These are some of the dogs that David and his father saw at the K.C.S. Do you wonder that David did not know which kind of dog to choose?

Finally he and Father decided that it would be either a collie or an Airedale. After visiting both kinds again David finally said: "I think, Father, I will choose a collie. I can teach him to go for the cows when we go to the farm this summer."



Father found out from the keeper of the collies where he could get a puppy for David.

It seemed to David that he could not wait until another Saturday to get the puppy. But Father suggested that he might get some books and find out all he could about collies. In this way, Father said, the week would pass quickly.

On Saturday Father and David went to the Collie Kennels. There they saw many collies and their puppies.

At the top of this page is a picture of Pep, the collie David chose. Can you tell which is Pep?

SINGING TIME

I wake in the morning early
And always, the very first thing,
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

ROSE FYLEMAN

FIND THE JOKE

I

At breakfast Mother said, "Jack, isn't it wasteful to put both butter and jam on your bread?" "Oh, no!" said Jack, "It is saving. The same piece of bread does for both."

II

A little boy was standing at the corner of two very busy streets. He was crying as hard as he could cry and anxiously watching the policeman.

A lady passing by saw the boy and said, "What is the trouble, my boy? Are you lost?" "No-I'm-not-lost," said the boy. "But my mother told me to stay here and wait for her, and that sign over there says 'No Parking.'"

OUR OWN DEAR LAND[1]

Our own dear land of Maple Leaf,
So full of hope and splendour,
With skies that smile on rivers wide,
And lend them charms so tender;
From east to west in loud acclaim
We'll sing your praise and story,
While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory,
Our own dear land!

Your flag shall ever be our trust,
Your temple our devotion,
On every lip your pæan be sung
From ocean unto ocean;
The star that lights your glorious path
We'll hail with rapture holy,
And every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely,
Our own dear land!

THOMAS O'HAGAN

[1] Reprinted by courtesy of the author.

TWINS

Snuff and Ruff were twins who looked so much alike that no one could tell them apart. These twins were black as coal. They had been found asleep and alone at the foot of a small fir tree on the banks of the Sacramento River. Something must have happened to their mother, but no one knows what.

The twins were little baby bears. They had been found by a boy who was out hunting. The boy caught them up in his arms and hurried to camp. He was a lonely boy, in great need of something to love and to play with. When he watched the bears and taught them tricks he did not feel so lonely.

Snuff and Ruff learned to do many clever tricks. They would stand on their

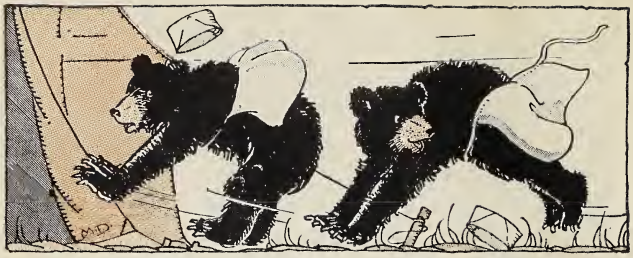
hind legs and march up and down before the door of the camp carrying stick guns and wearing paper soldier caps. They looked like soldiers on guard.

One of the cleverest tricks which the twins learned was waiting on table.

The boy made them little white caps and short white aprons. When the men were seated at the long benches by the table, the two bears would come in dressed in their white caps and aprons. They would stand by the men pretending to take their orders.

Sometimes the camp cook would give the bears plates of food to give to the guests. It didn't matter much if the bears dropped the plates, for only tin dishes were used in camp.

One day two strangers from the city came to the camp. When dinner time came they sat down with their backs toward the cook's tent. The cook gave Snuff and Ruff two plates to take to the strangers. In reaching over to put the plates on the table, the bears' noses came close to the heads of the strangers. When they saw a hairy paw appear and found a bear's head close to their own, the strangers were very much surprised. They jumped to their feet, knocking over the table as they did so.



The bears were greatly surprised at the noise of crashing tin plates. They hurried back on all fours to the cook's tent. Their aprons dragged on the ground and their caps got sadly tipped as they ran.

Soon the strangers recovered from their surprise and the rest of the camp recovered from their laughter. Then the strangers begged to have Snuff and Ruff wait on table again. This time the guests sat where they could see the funny, sober faces of the twins as they brought the plates and pretended to take orders.

JOAQUIN MILLER (*Adapted*)

THE MILKWEED

The milkweed pods are breaking,
And the bits of silken down
Float off upon the autumn breeze
Across the meadows brown.

I wish three times, and watch them go
Far as my eyes can see.
Some day a faery wind will blow
My wishes back to me.

CECIL CAVENDISH

CLEVER TRICKS

Billy Jones was a fox terrier. A more faithful friend it would have been hard to find. He lived in a house where there were six children. All the children were devoted to him.

Some mornings Billy Jones was allowed to go to school with one of the children. How proud he looked trotting soberly along carrying his lunch basket with his sweet cake in it!

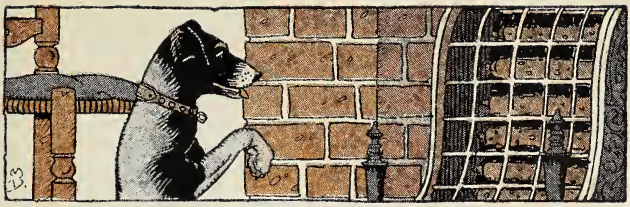
When the children had their lunch Billy Jones carried his lunch basket to a chair. He sat up very still with his little head resting on his front paws on the chair while the children said a "thank you" prayer. Then, while his sweet cake was being taken out of the basket, he had to run about a bit and give a few happy little barks. The children liked to have Billy Jones eat lunch with them.

Sometimes he would shake hands with the children. Before he had shaken hands with them all he would begin to look tired, but he was too much of a gentleman to slight any child. He would get so tired, however, that he would sleep all the afternoon.

At home the children taught Billy Jones many tricks. One trick was to sit on the piano bench and hit the piano keys gently with his front paws. When he had played a little, the children would say, "Sing, Billy Jones." Then the little dog would throw back his funny little round face and whine and bark and howl all in time to the music that he made as he tapped the piano keys.

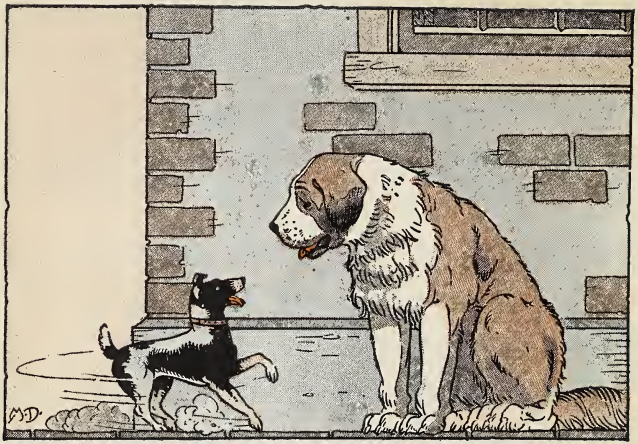
Another trick, which the children taught Billy Jones, was to stand very straight on his hind legs and beg for something to eat.

He soon learned that he could get most of the things he wanted by begging for them. Few people could keep from giving the little fellow what he wanted when he sat up and looked at them with his bright brown eyes.



One day the room was cold, because the gas in the grate had been turned off. The children found Billy sitting on his hind legs in front of the grate. He looked as though he were wondering why the heat did not come on when he was begging so prettily.

The children were afraid Billy Jones might get run over. So they taught the little dog, when he was out with them, never to cross a street until they gave him the signal. No matter how fast Billy was running, he would always stop when he came to a street until he was told to cross.



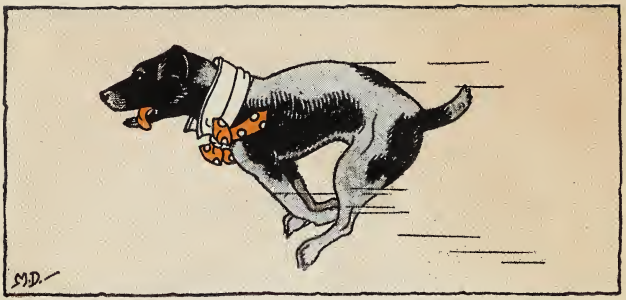
One day Billy was racing along in front of the children. He was going so fast that he could not stop when he got to the street, so he ran around the corner. In doing so he ran bang into a big St. Bernard dog. Billy was surprised, there was no question about that, for he quickly stood on his hind legs in front of the huge dog and begged, as much as to say, "I am very sorry, sir."

Billy Jones liked to have the children dress him in a white collar and necktie. Sometimes he would bring them to the children and sit up on his hind legs and beg the children to put on the collar and tie.

Every time the children dressed him up they would shout with laughter. Billy's little black face showing above the white collar was very funny. Billy seemed to like the fun as much as the children.

Billy had one bad trick. The minute the door was left open, away went Billy. Then all the children would join in the hunt to find him.

One day the cook left the door open only a wee bit. Billy pushed the door open far enough for his little fat body to squeeze through. Then away he dashed down the street.



When the family discovered that Billy Jones had run away again, all started out to find him. Some went one way, whistling and calling to him. Some went in another direction. Not a sign of Billy could be found.

At last, when the family were worn out with whistling and calling to him, down the street came a black and white streak. People in a passing street car began to laugh. People along the way laughed and shouted. The streak was Billy Jones dressed in his white collar and necktie.

RABBITS

Rabbits are dressed in velvet coats
  And quiet velvet shoes,
And just as fast as wind they run,
  As often as they choose.

A rabbit sitting by a bush
  Feels rain upon his nose,
And suddenly decides to go—
  And up, away, he goes!

Across a field, and down a hill,
  And through green meadow ground,—
It must be fun to run, run, run,
  And never make a sound!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE HAUNTED HEN-HOUSE

Part I

"What a wonderful rabbit pen the old hen-house would make," said Juliana one afternoon.

"Rabbits!" said Jacky. It was such an interesting thought that he stopped his work on the play house he was building of sticks and stones. "Why can't we have a rabbit?"

"You don't have *a* rabbit," said Timothy. "Rabbits always travel in herds. As many as fifty rabbits could squeeze into this hen-house."

"It would be a lot of work to feed them, because they eat every minute," said Juliana. "I'm sure Mother and Father wouldn't want us to keep rabbits. I've heard that in no time there are

twice as many as there were before and then twice as many as that. Soon there'd be so many that even this hen-house would be too small for them. Then what should we do?"

"Sell them," said Timothy.

"No," said Juliana. "Who is going to buy your old rabbits? The people who have rabbits must have more than they want, and the people who haven't rabbits don't want them. So there you are."

Timothy agreed with Juliana. Not so Jacky. That night at supper he asked his father for some rabbits.

"I should say not, Jacky!" said his father. "No new animals here for a while. Rabbits, indeed! You children wanted a puppy. Now you have Chug. Do try to be happy with a cat and a dog,

and don't ask us for anything else just yet. I don't say that you never, never may have rabbits, but don't let's think about them yet."

Life seemed very hard to Jacky. When he was much younger, he had felt very badly because he was not allowed to keep a tiger. Later, he could not understand why they would not let him have pigs. And now they would not even let him have rabbits, which wouldn't hurt anyone. Grown-ups were very strange.

From then on Jacky thought of rabbits day and night. He talked about them often, and even called the hen-house the rabbit pen. He made a great many little clay rabbits, which he placed about his room and sometimes took to bed with him.

Part II

One day Jacky came to his brother and sister with great round eyes. He had heard strange noises in the hen-house. Juliana and Timothy followed him into the hen-house. He led them over to a dark corner and pointed out a small hole in the ground.

Jacky poked a stick down this hole. Instantly there came to their ears the strange sound of some small animal, sniffing and scratching. However, though they watched and watched, nothing came out. But each time they poked with a stick they heard the same strange sounds.

For the next few days all three children spent much of their time in the hen-house, trying to learn what the strange animal might be. At last Juliana

said she thought the hen-house was haunted, an idea which pleased them all.

Juliana was a very wise girl, and she had an idea that the hole might have another end. So one day, when Timothy and Jacky were busy poking with a stick, Juliana slipped outside around to the back of the chicken house. There to her surprise she found Chug, Timothy's little dog, watching at the other end of the hole. Whenever he heard the stick scratching on the earth, he would sniff excitedly. For, you see, the puppy also believed that something lived inside the hole.

Juliana called Timothy and told him about what she had found.

"But don't tell Jacky," she said. "Let's see if he ever finds it out for himself."

Part III

Not long after this, Isabel, Juliana's best friend, came over to spend the afternoon with the children. Juliana and Timothy decided to play a trick on her and see if she could guess the secret of the sounds in the haunted hen-house.

They said that it was haunted and told her about the funny noises. Then the three set out for the hen-house. On the way, Chug suddenly sniffed the air, barked once or twice, and dashed into the woods beyond. The children tiptoed into the hen-house, speaking only in whispers.

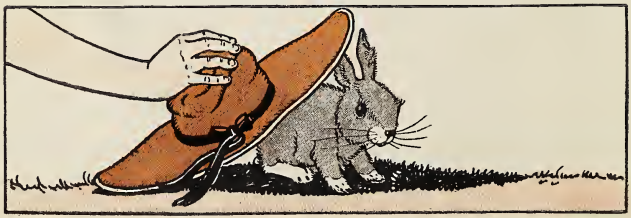
Jacky was already there, and the others knelt down beside him. They poked the ground, but no sound was heard. All was still. But suddenly there came a bark outside, and a baby rabbit dashed up from the hole.

The little thing was tired and frightened. Chased out of the wood by Chug, it had tried to hide in the first hole it came to. Quickly Juliana placed her wide hat over it. Jacky, slipping his hands beneath the hat, carefully drew out the furry little fellow.

Of all four children, Jacky was the least surprised.

"I *knew* there was something inside the hole!" cried Jacky. Juliana and Timothy had nothing to say. The trick that they had meant to play on Isabel had turned into a joke on them.

PEGGY BACON



RUN, GOBLIN, RUN

The Halloween moon began to spill
Its silver on the window sill;
Creatures we never saw before
Came in through the old barn door,
Goblins going hoppity-hip,
Witches trying to dance and skip,
While in the shadows on the wall
Were ghosts who did not move at all.

Queer black cats were dancing, too.
They sneezed, and sparks of fire flew,
When suddenly came a lot of boys;
Each made a whistling kind of noise;
Each carried a jack-o'-lantern light.
Witches and cats ran into the night;
Goblins too went hurrying fast;
Ghosts marched slowly out at last.

MARJORIE KNAPP

A HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Once upon a time a Halloween night came on the dark of the moon. Witch after witch went riding on her broomstick through the air. Over fields and houses they rode until they came to an old cabin in the deep, dark woods.

Here they built a huge fire. When the flames were roaring up the chimney, they put a big pot over the fire and began to cook their supper.

The wind was howling round the way it does on Halloween. The old witches drew their chairs up close to the fire. They talked about the spells they were going to weave when the magical hour of twelve struck.

By and by there came a knocking at the cabin door. "Who is there?" called an old witch. "Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

"One who is hungry and cold," said a voice.

Then the old witches burst out laughing and called out,

"We are cooking for ourselves.
Who will cook for you?
Who? Who?"

The voice didn't say anything more, but the wind kept howling and the knocking just kept on.

Then another old witch called out: "Who is there? Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

Then there came a moaning sound,

"Let me in, do-o-o!
I'm cold through and through!
I'm hungry too-o-o!"

At this the old witches burst out laughing and sang out,

"Get along, do!
We are cooking for ourselves.
Who will cook for you?
Who? Who?"

The voice didn't say anything more, but the wind kept howling and the knocking just kept on.

The old witches just went on cooking their supper. They stirred and they mixed and they baked. The voice didn't say anything more, but the wind kept howling.

At last another old witch called out,

"Get along, do!
We are cooking for ourselves.
Who will cook for you?
Who? Who?"

And the voice didn't say anything, but the wind kept howling and the knocking just kept on.

Then the old witches began to get scared and one of them said, "Let us give it something and get it away before it hurts our spells."

And the voice didn't say anything, but the knocking just kept on.

Then an old witch took a piece of dough as big as a pea and put it in the frying pan.

And the voice didn't say anything, but the knocking just kept on.

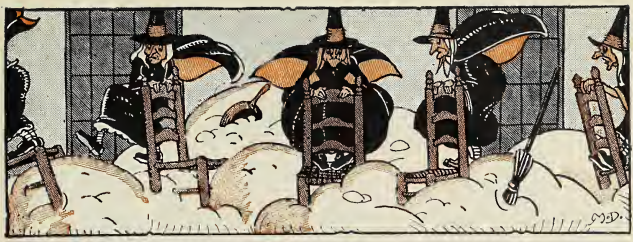
And when she put the dough in the frying pan it began to swell. It swelled over the frying pan, and it swelled over the top of the stove, and it swelled out on the floor.

And the voice didn't say anything, but the knocking just kept on.

Then the old witches got scared and ran for the door. And the door was shut tight.

And the voice didn't say anything, but the wind kept howling and the knocking just kept on.

And the dough swelled all over the floor and it swelled up into the chairs. And the old witches climbed up on the backs of the chairs. They got scareder and scareder. At last they called out, "Who is that knocking at the door? Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"



And the dough kept swelling and swelling. And the old witches began to get smaller and smaller. And their eyes got bigger and bigger. And they kept calling and calling, "Who is that knocking? Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

And the knocking stopped, and the voice called out,

"Fly out the window, do-o-o!
There is no more house for you!"

Then the old witches spread their wings and flew out of the window and off into the woods calling, "Who will cook for you? Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

And now, if you go into the woods in the dark of the moon, you will see the old witch owls. You will hear them calling, "Who will cook for you? Who-o-o? Who-o-o?"

Only on a Halloween night you had better not go near the old owls, because *then* they turn into old witches weaving their spells.

SOME ONE

Some one came knocking
  At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
  I'm sure — sure — sure;
I listened, I opened,
  I looked to left and right,
But naught there was a-stirring
  In the still dark night;

Only the busy beetle
  Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
  The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
  While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
  At all, at all, all.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE BELL OF ATRI

Long, long ago in the little town of Atri, there ruled a good king. He loved his people very much and wished to see them happy. He knew, however, that many suffered great wrongs that were not righted. This made him very sad.

One day the king thought of a way to help his people. In order that justice might be done to everyone, he ordered a great bell to be hung in a tower in the market place. Tied to the bell was a strong rope, so long that even a child could reach it.

Then the king sent messengers with trumpets through all the land to tell the people why he had hung the bell in the market place. The messengers blew their trumpets loud and long and called to the

people, saying, "Hear all, the message of the king. 'If there be anyone among my people who feels that he has not been fairly treated, let him ring the bell in the market place. A judge will go to the tower to hear his story. Whether the ringer of the bell be old or young, rich or poor, his story shall be heard and justice shall be done.'".

And so it was. Many times the bell had been rung and justice had been done. Finally the rope became old and worn with use. One could hardly reach it. A man, passing by, fastened a vine to the end of the rope. This made it long enough for anyone to reach.

One hot summer noon all the people of Atri were resting. Suddenly they heard the sound of a bell. It was the bell of justice.

The judge put on his rich robes and hurried to the market place. There he saw a strange sight. A poor horse, starved and thin, was pulling at the vine which was fastened to the bell rope. The bell was still ringing:

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Some one has done a wrong, a wrong."

"Whose horse is this?" the judge asked of the great crowd gathered around.

"It is the horse of a rich soldier," said one. "The horse has worked hard for his master many, many years. Now that the horse is growing old, the soldier has turned him out to find what grass he can by the side of the road and in corners."

"His call for justice shall be heard," said the judge. "Bring the soldier to me."

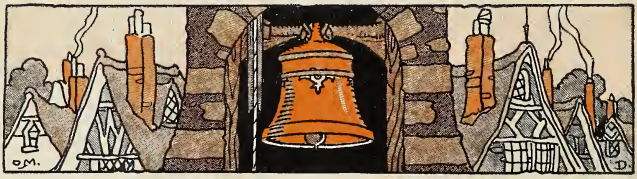
The soldier tried to treat the matter as a joke. But the judge said, "You have done wrong to the horse and he has rung the bell for justice."

The soldier said angrily, "I shall do as I please with my own horse."

"For shame!" cried the judge. "It is the will of the king that everyone who rings this bell shall have his wrong made right. The horse has served you for many years and often saved your life. Now that he is old and cannot work, you must give him good shelter, the best of food, and a pasture in which to run."

The soldier hung his head in shame and led the horse away. The people shouted, "Great is the king and great is the bell of Atri."

A Legend



STONE SOUP

One cold, rainy night an old man was walking along a road. He was wet and hungry, for he had walked a long way. All at once he saw a light ahead. Soon he came to a house by the side of the road. The old man went to the back door and asked the cook for something to eat.

"Go away," said the cook. "I have nothing for you."

"May I not come in and dry myself by the fire?" asked the old man. "I am wet and very cold."

"You may sit by the fire, but you must not get in my way," said the cook.

"Thank you," said the old man.

Soon he was dry and warm, but he

was still very hungry. How was he to get food? He thought and thought. At last he said, "I am a good cook myself. I can make the best kind of soup. It is very cheap, too. It is stone soup."

"Stone soup!" cried the cook. "Who ever heard of stone soup? How do you make it?"

"Allow me to show you how," said the old man. "Just let me have a pot with some water in it."

"I should like to know how to make stone soup," said the cook to herself. "It is something poor people should know." So she gave him a pot with some water in it.

The old man put the pot on the fire. Then he took a clean white stone out of his pocket and put it into the

pot. When the water was hot the old man tasted it and said, "This is going to be fine stone soup. But it would be a little better if I had a small piece of meat to put into it."

"I think I have some," said the cook. She got the meat and gave him a piece.

The old man put this into the pot, and began stirring again while the cook sat staring now at him and now at the pot.

By and by the old man tasted the soup again. "This soup is certainly good," he said. "If I only had some potatoes to put in, it would be fit for fine people."

"Well, I think I have a few potatoes," said the cook. She got two potatoes, and gave these to the old man. He went on stirring while she sat and stared as hard as ever.

Soon the old man tasted the soup again and said, "This soup will be grand enough for the best in the land."

"Well, I never!" said the cook, "and all with a stone."

"If I had only a little butter and a drop of milk to put in, we could ask the king himself to have some of it."

"I think I have a little butter," said the cook, "and I have a pitcher of milk."

Then she went to the cupboard and brought both the butter and the milk. The old man put them into the soup and went on stirring while the cook sat staring harder than ever.

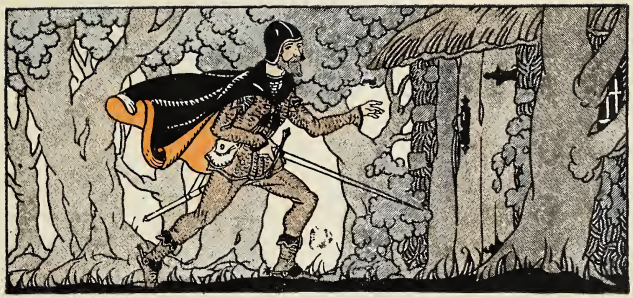
Now the soup was done. The old man took out the stone and put it back into his pocket. He gave a bowl of soup to the cook and took one for himself.

Never had the cook tasted such soup, and all made with a stone! She did not know how to thank the old man who had taught her so much.

By this time the rain had stopped and the moon was shining brightly. "I must

be going now," said the old man. "Thank you very much, kind cook. I think you now know how to make stone soup." And away down the road he went humming a happy song.

An Irish Story



BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, was hiding in a hut in a forest. His enemies were hunting far and wide for him.

Six times he had met them in battle, and six times he had failed. He had tried to save Scotland from her enemies, but he had lost every battle. Many of his soldiers had been killed or hurt. Bruce was sad and discouraged.

"It is of no use to fight longer," he said with a sigh. "Our enemies are too strong and too many for us."

Just then he happened to see a spider spinning a web. She was trying to spin her web between two beams. She had fastened one end of her thread to a beam and was trying to swing herself across to the other beam. Again and again she swung herself across, but each time she failed to reach the beam.

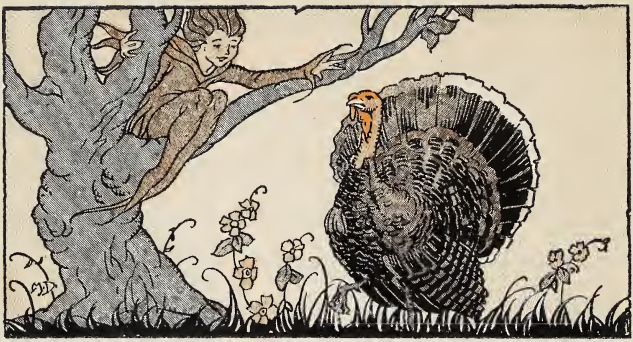
All this time Bruce sat watching her. He wondered how long she would keep on trying. Six times the spider tried and failed. "You brave and patient spider," said the king. "If you try once again and succeed, I too will fight another battle."

Once more the spider swung herself, on her thin thread, to the other beam. This time she reached the beam.

"Thanks for what you have taught me, you patient little spider," said Bruce. "Once more I will try to free Scotland from her enemies."

So Robert Bruce went forth again at the head of his soldiers. He fought as he had never fought before. The battle was won and his country was freed.

An Historical Incident



HOW THE TURKEY GOT HIS WAR WHOOP

He stuck up his tail and strutted. "I am a beautiful bird," said he. "No one is so handsome as I. All are jealous of me."

"What good does that do you?" asked Wind Boy, up in a tree. You see, Wind Boy listens to everything people say to themselves.

"Oh, you mean being handsome?" said Turkey.

"Yes," replied Wind Boy. "What can you do?"

"Why, I am just handsome, that's all," replied Turkey. He grew red in the face and stuck out his wings until they dragged on the ground as he puffed out his feathers.

"I thought so," answered Wind Boy. "You can't do anything but eat grasshoppers. You can't fight, you can't dance, you can't sing."

"Well," said Turkey, "I'm going to learn soon."

Folding his tail and bending his head, Turkey walked through the bushes. After a while he saw Partridge sitting on a log and singing with all his might as he drummed.

"That's just it," said Turkey to himself. "I'm going to be a great singer."

Puffing up once more, he strutted over to Partridge. "You sing fairly well,

Partridge," said he. "Will you teach me how to sing?"

"What will you give me?" replied Partridge.

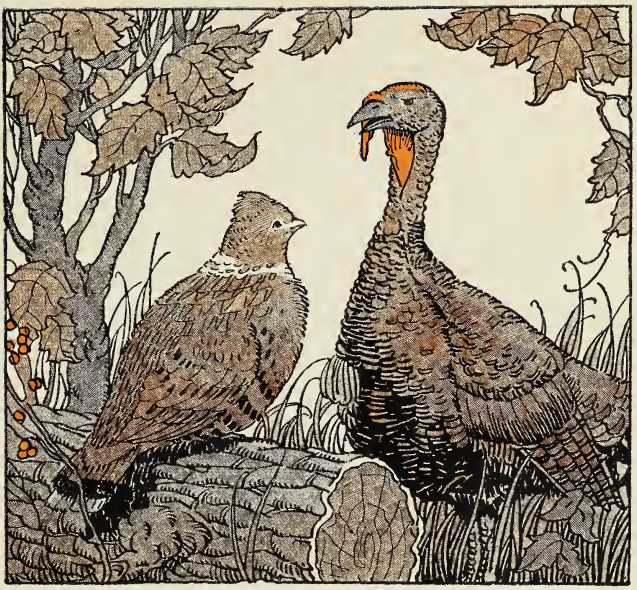
"Some of my fine feathers," answered Turkey.

"Make a necklace for me and I will teach you," said Partridge.

So Turkey picked some feathers from his body and made a fine necklace which he gave to Partridge.

"First of all," said Partridge, "you must take my whistle and try it while I drum. As you whistle you must dance. After a while the whistle will stick in your throat and then the noise will stay there."

Turkey looked at Partridge's whistle and found it was a short, shiny bone. Then he put it in his mouth and made



ready to dance while his teacher drummed. After a while he whistled very well, and, being very much pleased, he put down the little bone on the log. Then he began to strut some more, saying, "I'm a clever fellow, I tell you."

"Well, what does that get you?" asked a strange voice. To the surprise of both birds, they saw Fox sitting near, his tongue hanging out as he laughed.

"Well, if I'm handsome and clever and can sing, all the other birds will be jealous of me."

"What's the use of being able to sing if you can't fight?" asked Fox.

"Who will teach me how to fight?" asked Turkey.

"I will," said Fox, "and you won't have to pay me anything either."

"All right," said Turkey. "Teach me."

"Very well," began Fox. "First learn to make a terrible war whoop. Take this little bone tube, put it in your mouth, and blow on it. After a while you will whoop very well, and when you do, the

noise will stick in your throat. Then give me back the bone."

Turkey looked at the bone and then put it on the log. "That's fine," he said, "but I must learn to sing first."

"Ho-ho! Ho-ho!" laughed Fox. "You are as proud as ever. I thought you wanted to learn how to whoop."

"And I thought you wanted to learn how to sing," said Partridge from a branch in a pine, where he had gone at first sight of Fox.

Turkey did not know what to do now. Here were two teachers, each with a bone. He looked at the bones side by side on a log, but they were so nearly alike that he couldn't tell them apart. Which was the whoop and which was the song, was more than Turkey could tell.

With a quick dart, just as if he were after a grasshopper, he picked at one of the bones and put it in his mouth. It was slippery and slid down his throat.

"Oggle, oggle, oggle, oggle," whooped Turkey, choking and flapping his wings as he tried to get the slippery bone out.

"Now you are whooping!" called out Fox. "That's fine. Now give me back my bone."

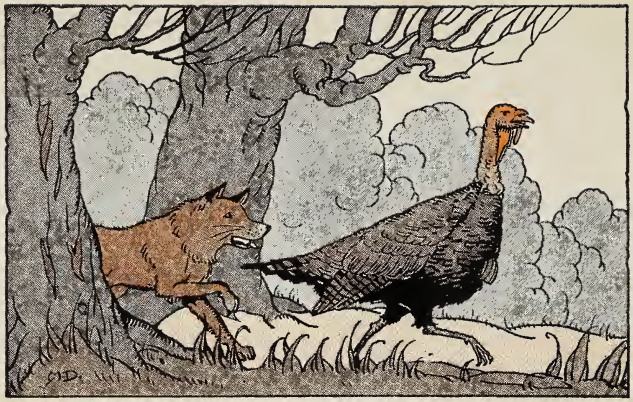
"Oggle, oggle, oggle, oggle," whooped Turkey, and that was all he could say.

"Give me back my whooper bone or I will chew you up," said Fox, catching Turkey by the head.

But Turkey only whooped some more and struggled to free himself.

Fox bit Turkey's head and chewed it all over and Turkey kept right on whooping. Then with a flap of his wings he freed himself and flew to a tree. There he shook his bloody head and oggle, oggled some more.

"I'll chase you always," said Fox, as mad as could be that his whooper bone was lost. "I'll catch you and find my whooper bone."



But the bone had stuck in Turkey's throat and he could not get it out. So to this day he oggle, oggles.

And for many long years, yes, for hundreds — and perhaps more — Fox has hunted Turkey, trying to find his whooper bone. So that's how Turkey got his gobble, and that's how Partridge got his fine neck feathers, and that's why Fox keeps on hunting Turkey.

ARTHUR C. PARKER (*Adapted*)

PLEASE

Please be careful where you tread,
  The fairies are about;
Last night, when I had gone to bed,
  I heard them creeping out.
And wouldn't it be a dreadful thing
  To do a fairy harm?
To crush a little delicate wing
  Or bruise a tiny arm?
They're all about the place, I know,
So do be careful where you go.

Please be careful what you say,
They're often very near,
And though they turn their heads away
They cannot help but hear.
And think how terribly you would mind
If, even for a joke,
You said a thing that seemed unkind
To the dear little fairy folk.
I'm sure they're simply everywhere,
So *promise* me that you'll take care.

ROSE FYLEMAN

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE

Part I

One Christmas Eve two strangers came down the road. The cold wind tore at their ragged coats. The snow felt like needles as it blew against their faces. At last they came to a little village. Here they knocked at the door of a rich farmer and asked if he would give them shelter for the night.

"No, indeed," said the farmer, looking at their ragged coats. "We have no room for you." And off he sent them into the storm.

The two strangers waded through the deep snow until they came to a little hut where a poor farmer lived. They knocked at the door and asked if he would give them shelter for the night.

The man and his wife had only one bed in their poor home. But they invited the strangers in.

There was no meat in the little hut. And so the man went out and killed the one small goat they had. His wife cooked it. They said, "Our guests must have a good dinner on Christmas Eve."

When it came time to go to bed the strangers were given the one good bed. The poor man and his wife slept upon the floor.

As the next day was a holiday the man and his wife insisted that their guests stay with them for the day. So the strangers remained, and they all went to church together.

When the strangers went away that night one of them said to the man,

"How many horns had the little goat that you killed for our dinner?"

"Why, two," said the man.

"Then for your goodness to us," said the stranger, "you and your wife may have two wishes, one each."

The man and his wife looked at each other. "Thank you," they said, "we are very happy as we are. We wish for nothing more."

Property of
ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL

With a smile the stranger said, "We will come to visit you again on next Christmas Eve."

From that time on everything went well with the poor man and his wife. Their hens laid more eggs than any in the country. They had better milk and fatter pigs and finer sheep. Soon they were no longer poor. They knew quite well whom to thank for all these things.

They told the people in the village about the two wishes which the kind strangers had given them. When the rich farmer heard the story, he came and asked that the two strangers be sent to stay with him when they came on the next Christmas Eve. This the poor man and his wife promised should be done.

Part II

A year passed. Christmas came, and the strangers again knocked at the door of the little hut. The poor man and his wife greeted them warmly, but, as they had promised, sent them to the big farmhouse.

So again the strangers knocked at the rich farmer's door. This time instead of turning them away the rich farmer and his wife gave them a grand welcome. They had killed and roasted a fine ox and had prepared many other good things for their guests to eat. That night the strangers were given the best bed in the house.

The next morning the farmer begged his guests to spend the holiday with him. But the strangers said that they wished to go to church.

"Then," said the farmer, "you must let me drive you to church." So he got his best horses and harnessed them to his finest carriage.

Just before they drove away one of the strangers said to the farmer, "Did you not kill an ox for us?"

"Indeed, we did!" said the farmer and his wife.

"How many horns had the ox?" asked the stranger.

"Say 'four,'" said the wife in a low voice.

"Well," said the farmer, "it was a very strange ox. It had four horns."

"Then," said the stranger, "you and your wife may have four wishes, two each."

The farmer took the strangers to church and started back home. He was

anxious to talk over with his wife what they should wish. He could not drive fast enough. He whipped the horses and pulled at them. At last one of the horses stumbled and the harness broke. He fixed the harness and started on. Then the other horse stumbled. He pulled it up and cried, "Get up, get up!" The horses jumped as he hit them and the carriage turned over.

"Oh," complained the farmer, "I wish the goblins would take you both."

Whisk! The horses were gone. There was nothing left but their harness. The angry farmer rubbed his eyes, but there was no help for it. He had wished a wish and the horses were gone. There was nothing to do but to put the harness over his shoulder, leave the carriage, and walk home.

Back in the farmhouse his wife was waiting and watching for him. She wanted to talk over what they should wish. At last she grew tired of waiting and said, "I wish the lazy man would hurry."

Whisk! The farmer shot through the air, and there he stood before her, red and angry, with the harness on his shoulders.

"What in the world are you doing with that harness?" said his wife.

"Why in the world did you wish me here?" asked the farmer.

When the wife heard about the horses she was still more angry.

"Why are you so stupid?" she said.

"Stupid, indeed!" said the farmer. "You are the cause of this. Why did you make me say the ox had four horns?

Four horns, indeed! I wish two of them were sticking on your head."

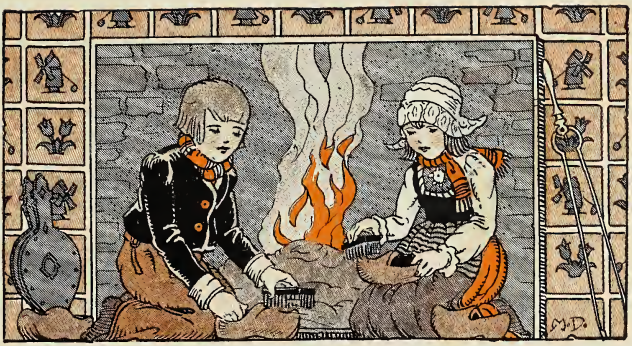
"Oh!" screamed the farmer's wife, and she put her hands up to her head. There she felt two little round humps. The humps grew and grew, and in a minute two little pointed horns were sticking right up through her hair.

The farmer began to beg, "Oh, dear little wife, sweet little wife; do not mind

the little horns! I am sorry I wished it, but remember that we have only one wish left, and that is yours. Just wish for a pot of gold and we shall be all right."

"What good would a pot of gold do me," said the farmer's wife, "with these things sticking out of my head? I wish they were gone now." At once the horns were gone; and the four wishes were gone, too; and so were the two fine horses; and so was the ox.

A Danish Legend

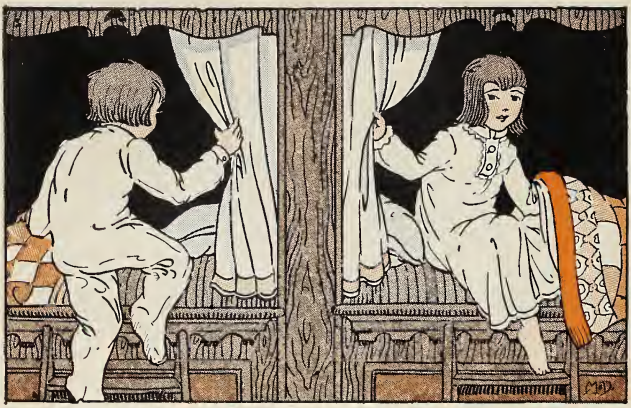


CHRISTMAS

In Holland

It is St. Nicholas's Eve in Holland. Hans and Katrinka are busy scrubbing their wooden shoes. When the shoes are spotless the children place them side by side in front of the fireplace.

Then away Hans and Katrinka run to hunt for the largest carrots and the finest bits of hay. Into the shoes they put a carrot and a bundle of hay. These are for St. Nicholas's horse.



Then Hans and Katrinka pull back the curtains of their wall beds. They climb the little steps and snuggle down into the soft, warm feather beds.

Just before Hans and Katrinka fall asleep, they hear singing. Nearer and nearer comes the music. Now the singers are in front of their door. They are singing Christmas songs. Then fainter and fainter grows the music. The children fall asleep.

Sometime during the night, good St. Nicholas comes riding over the tops of the houses on his white horse. He has on his magical red robe trimmed with white fur. Behind him rides his black servant.

St. Nicholas and his black servant stop at the house where Hans and Katrinka are fast asleep. They find the wooden shoes before the fire.

St. Nicholas takes out from his bag two pairs of skates, a knife, a new doll, and some cakes and candy.

Some of these presents he puts into the wooden shoes. Others he hides all over the house.

At this house the black servant does not take any switches from his bag. The switches are left only for bad boys and girls.

Then St. Nicholas and his black servant steal out of the house. They mount the white horse and dash away over the tops of the houses to the homes of all the other Dutch boys and girls.

In Norway

It is the day before Christmas in Norway. Early in the morning Ole and his father start off into the woods to get the Christmas tree. They will bring back many branches of fir trees too.

While Ole and his father are busy in the woods, Hilda helps mother get the house ready for Christmas. They scrub the floor and hang fresh curtains at all the windows. The whole house must be spotless for the happy festival.

When Ole and his father get back from the woods they put up the Christmas

tree in the best room. Mother scatters the sweet-smelling fir leaves from the branches over the clean floor. Ole and Hilda trim the Christmas tree.

Soon the tree is beautiful with shining nuts and apples, wreaths of colored paper, and many trinkets. Then the children place on the tree the gifts which the family have made for one another.

When night comes everything is ready. Candles are burning at all the windows. Their light shines far out over the snow and the icicles on the trees.

Hilda hurries to bed, hoping that she may be the first one to wake on Christmas morning. If she is, she may sing the Christmas song to waken the others.

On Christmas morning, the mother is very busy preparing the Christmas dinner of roast goose, fish, rice pudding, and many other goodies.

All the animals must have a Christmas dinner, too. Ole and his father give some choice hay to the horses and cows, and nice bits of meat and fish to the dogs and cats.

Even the birds are not forgotten. On the tall pole in front of the house,

father ties a bundle of wheat saved from the harvest festival.

In Norway, Christmas means happiness, joy, and good cheer to all living creatures.

In Central Italy

Marietta and Pedro live in a little village in central Italy. It is Christmas Eve. Father has brought in a huge log of pine.

Before he puts it on the fire, Mother blindfolds the eyes of Marietta and Pedro. She puts a stick into the hands of each. Then the children tap the log with the sticks and ask for their gifts.

When the blindfolds are removed, there before the fireplace, Marietta and Pedro find many of the presents they asked for. On the fire the log is burning brightly.

In Germany

In a little village in Germany live Gretchen and Fritz. This evening all are excited in the little house. It is Christmas Eve. In one of the rooms stands the Christmas tree, behind closed doors.

Earlier in the day Fritz and Gretchen trimmed the tree with wreaths of silver and gold paper, with sparkling icicles, and with trinkets of many kinds. On the branches they hung sweet cookies in the shape of little animals and men. The men had sugar-coated suits and currants for eyes.

Now Father and Mother are busy with the tree. They are putting the presents for the children on it and are lighting the candles.

At last the tree is ready. While the children stand outside the closed doors singing Christmas songs, the doors swing open. There stands the wonderful Christmas tree, sparkling with lighted candles! The lights twinkle at the children as much as to say, "Merry Christmas."

Then all the family join hands around the Christmas tree and sing the old, old songs which their grandparents sang when they were children.

WHY PIGS HAVE CURLY TAILS

There was once a fairy who fell into a bramble bush. The branches grew so close together that she could not get out. She was sadly scratched, and the thorns caught her tiny delicate wings and tore her pretty dress into pieces.

The bramble bush was part of a hedge which ran along the side of an orchard, and presently a horse came trotting up to the hedge.

"Oh, please help me, sir," said the fairy. "I'm caught in a bramble bush and can't get out."

The horse came and looked at her. "That's a bad place to be in," he said. "What will you give me if I get you out?"

"I'll give you a golden halter and a silver bit," said the fairy.

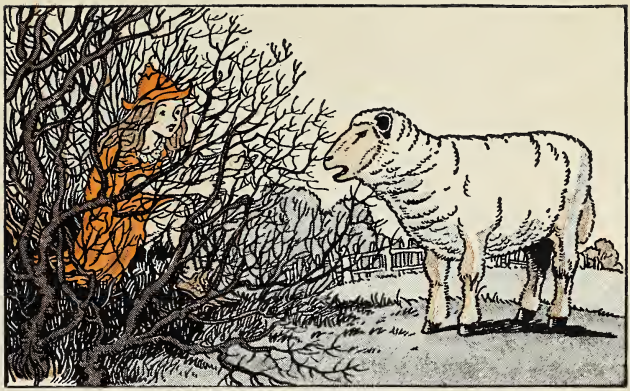
The horse shook his head. "It's not worth it," he said. "I should scratch my face. My master loves me for my beautiful satin skin, and I really can't risk spoiling my looks. Besides, I have some very nice harness of my own. He sees to that. Sorry I can't be of any help." And he trotted away.

A little later a robin perched on the bramble bush. "Oh, please, Mr. Robin, won't you come and help me?" said the fairy. "I can't get out."

"What will you give me," said the robin, "if I help you out?"

"I'll give you a jacket of gold and slippers of silver," said the fairy.

"Thank you very much," said the robin, "but I don't think that's quite my style. I have a nice red vest already. Besides, I'm very busy. I've got a young family



to look after, and my wife doesn't like me to be away long." And he flew off.

There were sheep grazing in the field on the other side of the hedge, and one of them came close to the bramble bush.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Sheep," said the fairy, "can you help me out of here?"

"What will you give me if I do?" said the sheep.

"I will teach you to sing as the fairies sing," said the fairy. "I will also give

you wisdom." For she was getting more and more anxious, and she thought such lovely gifts would tempt the sheep.

But the sheep stared stupidly with her glassy eyes. "That's all very well," she replied, "but I happen to have a very nice voice and can already sing rather well. As for wisdom, I don't quite know what that is, but I don't think it sounds very interesting. I'd help you gladly, but the thorns would tear my fine woollen coat, and that would never do. Surely a fine woollen coat is worth much more than wisdom." And she moved away.

The fairy was beginning to despair; she thought she should never, never be able to get back to Fairyland. But just as she had given up hope, a pig came walking past, making ugly noises and staring about with his little blue eyes.

He saw the fairy sitting in the middle of the bramble bush with her head down on her knees.

"What's the trouble?" said the pig.

The fairy lifted her head and saw the pig's ugly pink nose poking in between the branches.

"I think I can get you out," he said, when she had told him her trouble. "I'm not much to look at, but I've got a good thick hide, and anyway, I shan't be afraid of a few scratches hurting my looks." So with a good many grunts he pushed his head and shoulders well into the middle of the bush and made a clear way for the fairy to get out.

She gave a sigh of relief when she found herself once more in the clear sunshine, and the pig stood and looked at her, for she was a dear little thing.

He knew he was so ugly beside her pretty grace that he turned away and started off down the orchard.

"Oh, don't go!" said the fairy.

The pig turned round.

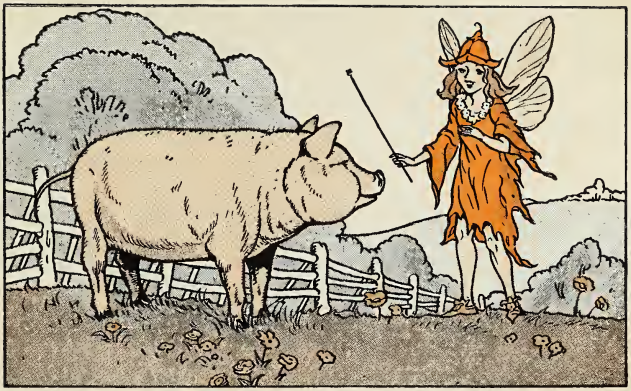
"You've not had your reward," said the fairy.

"I don't want any reward, thank you," grunted the pig, and moved on.

But the fairy flew after him. "You must have a reward," she said. "I shall be most unhappy if you don't."

"But I don't want anything, thank you," said the pig. "I have been very glad to help you."

The fairy stood in front of him, anxiously thinking about what she could possibly give him that might be of any use. Nobody seemed to want her fairy gifts. She looked him up and down.



"Shouldn't you like to have something — something to make you more beautiful?" she said.

She really meant less ugly, but she was so grateful to the pig that she was very anxious not to hurt his feelings, and so she put it that way.

"I'm afraid it's rather hopeless," said the pig, with half a smile. "You see, I'm such an ugly fellow! You'd have to change me all over."

"But surely — a little something . . . ," said the fairy, and she looked at him more anxiously than ever.

Now all this happened a very long time ago, when pigs had quite straight tails like most of the other animals, and suddenly, looking at his tail, the fairy had an idea. "I know, I know," she said. "You shall have a curly tail."

The pig looked rather pleased. "Well, have your own way," he said. "I can't see my tail myself, but I dare say it wouldn't look badly."

So the fairy touched the pig's tail with her wand, and it at once curled up into nice little rings.

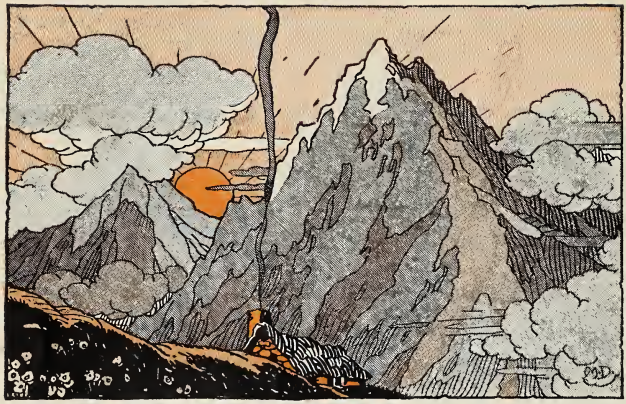
Ever since that day pigs have had curly tails.

ROSE FYLEMAN

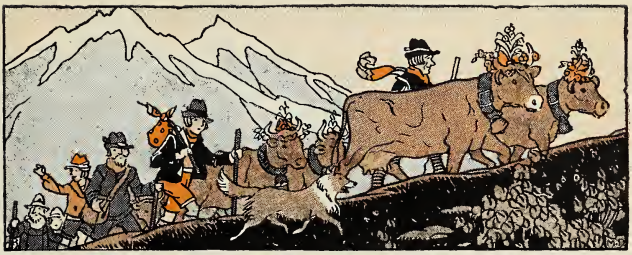
In the Spring Pasture

It was just beginning to be light in the little Swiss valley where Fritz lived, when his dog, Dan, wakened him by licking his face and giving happy barks.

Fritz jumped out of bed and, after washing in the cold mountain water, dressed quickly and ran downstairs. This was an important morning in the homes of all the people in the valley. The cows were to be taken up to their spring pasture on the mountain side. Only the men and older boys go with the cows. The younger boys must remain at home and help their mothers, sisters, and grandparents. They must prepare for the long winter which will come again all too soon.



When the sun begins to shine on the mountain tops, it turns the snow to many beautiful colors. The white clouds, which fill the valley, begin to rise and melt away. Then the procession is ready to start. The cows are at the head of the procession. The men have rubbed them until their coats look like satin. Each cow has a bell on her neck, and around her horns is a wreath of flowers which the women and children have made.



Following the cows are the men and boys. Then come the women and children of the different families, all dressed in their best clothes and singing gay songs.

The mothers and sisters go with the men until the path begins to be too steep for them. There they stop and watch the procession until it enters the woods far up on the mountain side and disappears. It is hard to keep on singing when they know that it will be such a long time before the families will be together again.

This summer, for the first time, Fritz is going with the men. Other summers he has guarded the goats lower down on the mountain side or helped in the hay making. Dan is going with him, for he is a good dog to watch the cows. He knows all the cows that belong to Fritz's father.

Up, up, up they go. The path is steep and winding. In places it is close to the edge where Fritz can look away, away down into the valley. He isn't dizzy as many boys not used to mountain climbing would be. On and on they go. Finally the woods are left behind and a flat place is reached where the trees have been cut down and the grass is fresh and green. Here each man takes his own cows to a separate pasture.

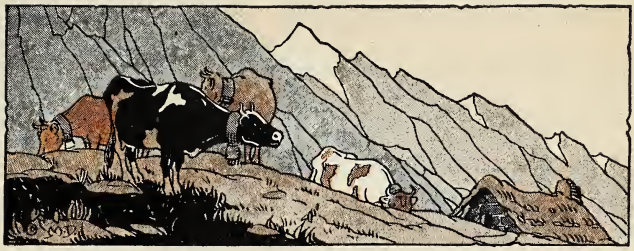
At once the cows begin to feed on the tender grass. How good it tastes to them after the hay which they have been eating all through the long winter months! And how they like to bury their noses in the mountain streams and drink of the cool water!

Fritz is anxious to go into the hut where he is to stay while the herd grazes in this spring pasture. He has heard his father and older brothers tell about this hut many times.

The hut is made of the trees which have been cut down to clear the land. This hut shelters both men and cows. The cows live in the back of the hut and the men live in the front of it.

Early in the morning the cows must be milked before they are turned out to graze on the sides of the mountain. Every night when they return they are milked again. During the day Fritz's father makes the milk into cheese.

Sometimes Fritz helps his father with the cheese making. Sometimes he goes out with the men who keep the cows from wandering too far away on the mountain, and who see that no wild animal comes near to harm them.



In the Summer Pasture

When the cows have eaten all the grass in this spring pasture, the men and boys drive them still farther up on the mountain side to the summer pasture. Here there are no trees, but only rocks with a little grass growing between them. It is too cold here for trees to grow, for in winter the wind sweeps over the mountain and covers the ground with many feet of snow. Even in the summer there is snow on the top of the mountain. Sometimes there is a little snow down where the cows feed.

The hut in which the herds and men live, while they are here, is like the one farther down on the mountain except that this one is built of rocks. Here they all stay until it is time for them to go down to the valley for the winter.

In the summer pasture Fritz helps with the cheese making or with the herds.

He likes best to be out on the mountain side. He likes to hear the tinkle, tinkle of the cow bells. He likes to hear the mountain streams, fed by melting snows on the mountain tops, come roaring down the mountain. All the colors of the rainbow can be seen in the water as it dashes down the sides of the mountains.

Fritz likes to watch the clouds that look like a white blanket in the valley below. Then as the clouds rise and float away he sees funny shapes in

them. He sees animals and trees and birds and people.

He wishes his mother and sisters could see the beautiful wild flowers with their bright colors which are growing all about him. Sometimes he picks a few flowers and presses them in a book which he has brought from home.

One day his father takes him to gather edelweiss that grows up high on the mountain side. They press the edelweiss and keep it to sell to visitors when they go home in the fall.

Dan is a great help to Fritz and the men. He goes out with the cows in the morning and guards them all day long. He does not let any cow wander too far away on the mountain side. Then at night, when it is time

for the cows to be milked, he drives them down to the hut. He is careful not to hurry the cows too fast. If he should hurry them their milk would not be so good, and they might fall on the rough ground.

One evening, just as the sun is setting in a gray bank of clouds which Fritz's father says look as though they were filled with snow, Fritz hears

a call far down below. At once Fritz's father calls in answer. He knows that the men and older boys from the valley are coming up to help. They will take down to the village all the cheeses that have been made during the summer.

Soon the men and boys arrive. Until late that night they talk, telling about all that has happened in the village during the summer.

Fritz's mother has been able to sell all the toy animals which the family carved out of wood during the long winter evenings. Fritz liked to carve these while Dan lay close beside him and while his father told him stories about mountain climbing.

The hay has been harvested in the spring pasture and the valley. The shed is filled. There is also a big haystack near the shed, for the shed would not hold enough to last all winter.

Fritz's brother tells him that they have five little puppies, but that two have been sold to people at the Inn. There are many young goats also for Fritz to see.

Early the next morning the procession starts down the mountain, for Fritz's

father was right. The wind is cold and a light snow is beginning to fall.

Dan seems to feel that it is his duty to get the cows safely home. He keeps them all near the hut while the men and boys pack the cheeses and close the hut for the winter. Then he begins to drive the cows slowly down the mountain side. Fritz's father signals with his hand. Then off Dan races to keep a cow from wandering too far from the rest of the herd, or to urge one on that grazes too long on the way.

The first night and the next day they all stay at the spring pasture. Then on they go down to the valley below.

How glad Fritz is when he can see the red-tiled roofs of the houses in the

Swiss village far below! After a while he can see his mother and sisters waving to him from the door.

Dan is glad to be back, too. He is glad to have a chance to lie in the sun and rest, for he has had a busy summer up in the mountains. Neither Fritz nor Dan minds the long winter months, for they have merry frolics together in the snow.

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A DANGEROUS EXPERIENCE

"Early in the morning of a clear September day I had started out from the Inn to gather wild flowers. As I had climbed the mountain many times, I did not take a guide with me.

"About noon the wind began to blow and I realized that this might mean a change in weather. I turned to go down the steep mountain side up which I had climbed higher than I had planned.

"Then without any warning the sun was blotted out of the sky, and the snow began to fall. Whipped by the wind, the snow felt like needles or bits of glass as it struck my face. I pulled down my fur cap and buried my face in my fur collar. I left only my eyes and nose bare to the sweeping wind and driving snow.

"The wind came in puffs and tore at my coat. It beat against me until I stumbled as I walked. It sounded as though all the wolves and wild mountain animals were let loose and were howling together. Voices seemed to laugh at me. Sometimes the wind whistled. Sometimes it moaned. It sounded as though it were sorry for anyone caught out in such a storm.

"The snow quickly blotted out all

sign of the goats' path by which I had climbed up the mountain side. I realized that I must be careful not to lose my way and wander around in a circle, as people who are lost are likely to do.

"If I could only reach the trees farther down the mountain side I knew I could find more shelter from the searching wind. I had to go slowly and feel my way step by step, for the snow had covered the hollows between the rocks. I stumbled along, slipping and sliding, knowing that at any minute I might step into a hollow and go crashing to the valley far below.

"I moved so slowly that I became stiff with the cold. I beat my arms to get them warm. I came to a huge rock and stamped my feet upon it to get some

feeling into them. Suddenly I realized that I had seen that rock a few minutes before. Then I knew that I was really lost and was wandering about in a circle.

"I began to be so tired and sleepy that I wanted to lie down and rest, but I knew that that would mean sure death. Instead I must struggle on. Then I stumbled and fell.

"The next thing I heard was the barking of a dog. Even that seemed like a dream, and I thought I was at home and that my own dog was begging me to throw a stick for him. Then I felt a warm nose against my face. Then something shook me by the collar. I waked enough to see a huge St. Bernard dog standing over me. There was a canteen on his neck which I tried to unfasten. My hands were so cold that I failed again and again. When I would stop trying, the dog would shake me. Finally I succeeded in unfastening the canteen, and I was able to swallow some of the hot soup. This warmed me enough so that the dog and I could start down the mountain side.

"Now I had no fear of losing the way, for I knew that these mountain

dogs have a wonderful way of telling direction. Neither was I afraid of stepping off into the valley. All I had to do was to follow my wonderful guide.

"The dog tried to hurry me along as fast as I could go, for the snow was getting deeper and deeper. Many times it seemed to me that I could go no farther. Whenever I stopped, the dog would pull me along. Sometimes his deep bark would urge me on.

"I do not remember much else that happened until I found myself at the Inn. There my frozen hands and feet were cared for and I was put to bed, where I slept for hours and hours.

"The next day the people at the Inn told me that when the storm came up and I did not return they had sent Rex out to find me. After many hours they heard him barking and knew that he had found me. Then he came to the Inn, dragging me by the coat.

"No one will ever know how far the faithful dog had dragged me. They think it was for a long distance, for Rex seemed very tired.

"I am only one of the many people who have been saved from death by the wonderful St. Bernard dogs."

WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

One cold morning when the fox was coming up the road with several fish, he met a bear.

"Good morning," said the bear. "You have had good luck fishing this morning. How did you catch so many fish?"

"They are fine fish," said the fox. "I would not tell everyone how I caught them, but you are such a good friend that I will tell you. Come to the pond and I will show you how to fish through the ice."

So the fox and the bear went across the frozen pond until they came to a small hole in the ice.

"Now comes the secret," said the fox. "I shall sit down here on the ice and put my tail through this hole in the ice.

You must keep your tail there for a long time. That is not easy and not every animal could do it, for the water is very cold. Wait until a great many fish take hold of your tail and then pull with all your might."

The bear put his tail down into the water and sat very still. The sun rose higher and higher, and still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice. The sun sank lower and lower and at last disappeared. Still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice.

When it became dark the bear said, "Now I will pull the fish out of the water. How good they will taste!" He pulled and pulled, but not a single fish came out. Worse than that, by the end of his tail came out, for the end was frozen fast in the ice.

The disappointed bear went slowly down the road. "I wish I could find that fox," he said angrily.

But the clever fox, curled up in his warm nest, laughed with glee over the trick he had played on the bear.

Ever since that time the bear has had a short tail.

A Norse Tale

BRUTUS

It was a wild winter's night. The wind howled around the house. It found every crack and opening by which to enter, as if it wanted to escape from the bitter cold outside. The snow driven by the raging wind sounded like tiny bullets as it dashed wildly against the windowpane.

Pressed against the windowpane on the inside were five faces, for Big Brother was out in the storm. The children were anxiously waiting and watching for him.

Suddenly from out of the darkness Big Brother burst into the house, laughing and shaking the snow from his coat. But he did not take off his coat. The queer thing was that he would not let any of the children come near him. Even Little Sister was not allowed to jump into his arms as she usually did. What made Big Brother do such queer things? What made him keep on laughing?

All at once Little Sister saw Big Brother's pocket begin to move. "Look! look!" she cried. "What have you in your pocket?"

Just then a tiny bark came from the pocket. Then a little head appeared, and two tiny paws.

"Oh! Brother! Brother! What a dear little puppy!" "Where did you get him?" "Do let us see him!" cried the children.

Big Brother reached into his pocket and put a tiny, wriggling, black and white puppy on the floor. This was the way the children met Brutus, a fox terrier, who lived with them many years.

Brutus was never happy when away from the children. In some strange way he knew when it was time for them to come home from school. Then he would whine and beg to be let out of the house.

Around the yard was a high wooden fence. Brutus would start far back in the yard and then run as fast as he could and jump up on the fence. He could just get his shoulders on the top rail and, by digging his hind feet into the lower rail, hang on to the fence. There he would stay watching for the children.

When the children did not see his funny little face peeping over the fence they knew something had happened to Brutus.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING[1]

Part I

Mary and Edward were proud of being the only children in the Nova Scotian village who had a great-grandmother and a great-grandfather. Nearly everyone had grandparents, but great-grandparents were something quite different.

Great-grandmother Smith was little and fat and rosy. She wore a snow-white apron, and spent a good deal of time in the kitchen, making cookies for all the village children.

Great-grandfather Smith was tall and fat and rosy. He often wore a captain's hat, because he had been a sea captain, and he spent a great deal of time on the porch looking out over Saint Mary's

[1] From the "The Blue Teapot," by Alice Dalgliesh. By permission of The Macmillan Company, New York, and The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Bay. Sometimes he told stories to Mary and Edward. The stories usually began, "When I was captain of the *Mary Ellen* and sailed out of Halifax," and the strangest things happened in them.

The children's great-grandmother and great-grandfather had been married for fifty years, and so they were going to have a golden wedding. There was to be a party to which everyone in the village was invited, and of course everyone would bring a golden present.

Mary and Edward wondered what they could take to the golden-wedding party. At last they asked the man who kept the village store, but he shook his head.

"I have almost everything you might want," he said. "I have brooms and vegetables and nails and rubber boots, besides these neat little canoes that are

really pincushions. But the only golden thing I have in the store is oranges. Would oranges do?"

"No!" said Mary and Edward. "Oranges would not do for a golden-wedding present."

Part II

At almost the last minute before the party a most unusual thing happened. In the middle of the night Miranda Saunders woke up with a terrible toothache. In the early hours of the morning Emma Dakin woke up with a worse toothache than Miranda's.

That day Miranda's mother and Emma's mother decided that Emma and Miranda must go to the dentist in the town across Saint Mary's Bay. Harry would have to take them across in his boat.

Mary and Edward were sorry that Miranda and Emma had toothaches, but they were glad that Harry's boat would be crossing the bay to take the girls to the dentist. It meant that Mary and Edward could buy a golden present in one of the many stores in the town across the water.

It was a fine, sunny day with a little breeze blowing. The little boat fairly danced across Saint Mary's Bay, her sail as white as the clouds that danced across the sky. It seemed no time at all before the farther shore was reached, and the people went up to the little town.

Mary and Edward looked at the long street with its rows of stores. Which should they try first? In the window of one little store twinkled pins and watches and many lovely things. This seemed to

be just the place, so Mary and Edward went in. The kind little man smiled at them as they came in.

"A golden present? Yes, indeed!" He brought out a tray full of golden presents.

Mary and Edward looked it over carefully, but the most interesting things were not gold, and the golden things cost far too much. That was how it went in all the other stores too. It seemed as if the money in the red-leather purse would not buy a present. Mary and Edward were quite discouraged. Then they came to a queer little shop at the end of the street.

It was a funny little shop, all hung with hooked rugs and filled with strange old teapots, pitchers, and plates. The old lady who kept it seemed very kind.

"A golden present?" she said. "Let me see. Yes, I have the very thing." She looked about, and soon she came back with a large plate.

It was a wonderful plate. All around the edge it was gold and shiny. In the middle there was a picture of a ship with all sails set. It was exactly the kind of plate one would give to a sea captain. It would be a fine plate for cookies. And it cost two dollars, which was exactly what they had in the red-leather purse.

"We'll take it!" cried Edward and Mary.

Part III

The next day was the longest that Mary and Edward had ever spent. The grandchildren arrived from far and near. They carried bundles which looked as

if they might be very wonderful gold presents. Mary and Edward began to wonder about their plate. All the grandchildren rushed about and seemed to be doing a great deal. There was nothing that anyone so young as Mary and Edward could do.

At last it was time for the party. Great-grandmother wore her best silk

dress, and Great-grandfather wore his Sunday suit. The presents were given one by one.

The grandchildren's presents were very golden and very beautiful. When it came time for Mary and Edward to give theirs, they were not at all sure about it. After all, it was gold only around the edge. And it had cost only two dollars.

Great-grandmother untied the big bow of yellow ribbon and folded back the white paper. The guests and the grandchildren crowded forward to see.

"Well!" said Great-grandmother. "If this isn't exactly what I need! In all this house I couldn't find a plate large enough or handsome enough for the wedding cake."

Great-grandfather looked at the plate. "There's a ship on it, as sure as my name

is Jonathan Smith! Now when I was captain of the *Mary Ellen*—"

Everyone was so busy listening to the story of the *Mary Ellen* that no one noticed when Mary and Edward disappeared, taking the plate with them. But everyone did notice when, on the last words of the story, Mary and Edward appeared carrying the cake between them. It was such a grand cake, with its white frosting and wedding bells, that it could have been put only on a golden plate.

The guests and the grandchildren watched as Great-grandmother cut the cake. Mary and Edward were so proud that they didn't know what to do. The other presents might be golden and beautiful, but the present from across the bay was the most beautiful and useful of all.

ALICE DALGLIESH

A ROBINSON CRUSOE CAT[1]

Part I

September had come, bringing to an end the children's delightful stay on the island. The children had had a wonderful time digging in the sand and making sand castles, wading, swimming, and boating in the sheltered places. They had played tag with the waves as they raced up the beach.

All summer the family had lived alone on the island. Fluffy, a handsome tiger cat, had been the children's only playfellow, and now Fluffy could not be found.

[1]From C. G. D. Roberts's "Neighbors Unknown." By permission of the author and of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

For days the children had searched the little island calling to their playfellow. But no beautiful cat with eyes like burning coals had bounded across the sands in reply to their calls. Where could she be? The only possible answer seemed to be that a hawk had caught her up and carried her away to his nest on the mainland.

It was a sad family that got into the boat to cross the racing tide that separated the island from the mainland. The children could not keep back their tears, and until the boat was pushed off from the little landing they still watched, and hoped that Fluffy would appear.

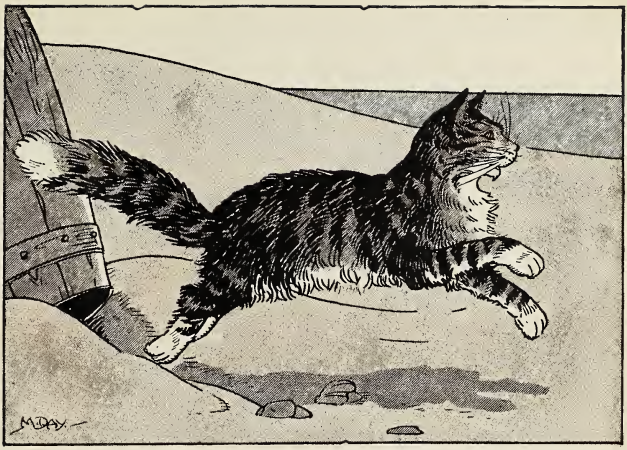
During the summer Fluffy had found a nice sheltered place beside an old barrel half buried in the sand. There

she would lie for hours resting and sleeping in the warm sunshine.

On a stormy morning a few days before the family were to leave the island, Fluffy was sleeping in her favorite place. The wind was piling the sand higher and higher behind the old barrel. Finally a very strong puff of wind tipped the barrel over, burying the cat out of sight, but forming a roof over her so that she was not hurt.

Many, many times the children had walked past the pile of white sand, never dreaming that their pet was beneath it. Here Fluffy stayed for three days while the children wept for their pet.

On the next day the wind changed, and presently the sand was blown away from the barrel. Pussy saw a bit of



sunlight appear. At once she put her paw into the hole. The hole grew larger and more sunlight came in. Then Fluffy began to scratch. She scratched and scratched until she had made a place large enough to squeeze through. Away she bounded across the island to the house where she felt sure she should find a warm welcome and food and shelter.

When she came to the house she found all the windows and doors closed. She jumped on to the window sills, she crept under the house and shed, but everything was closed. No children answered her sad cries.

Part II

Fluffy had had little experience in getting her own food. The children had cared for her so well that there was no need for her to catch the little mice and the birds that were all about her. Now, nearly starved from her fast, she stole through the grass and seized upon the little mice.

Then she made her way back to the house hoping that by that time the children would have returned. Around and around the house she went crying sadly. Then, discouraged, she curled herself up beside the children's window.

All through the fall Fluffy stayed about the house. She became more and more clever in seeking food. She learned to catch the little fish at the mouth of the tiny river which flowed through the island, where she went to drink its cool, fresh water.

When the cold winds began to blow and the fall rains began, it was harder for her to find a sheltered spot and to get food enough to eat. One night she discovered that more creatures were out

during the night than by day. So she began to hunt by night.

When real winter arrived with bitter winds and drifting snows, poor Fluffy was the only creature without a warm place to stay. The birds went south. The mice kept in their deep, warm tunnels. But Fluffy could find no place sheltered from the wind and snow.

Now Fluffy learned to hunt in the snow. Close beside the openings to the mouse tunnels she would wait until a

mouse put out its little pointed head. Then Fluffy would jump head first into the snow to capture it.

One day she curled herself up behind a drift trying to get a wink of sleep. For days and nights she had had to move about to keep from freezing. Looking at the wall of snow beside her she carefully put her paw into it. Perhaps she thought she might find a mouse tunnel.

The snow was soft and light. Fluffy kept on pawing until she had made a tiny cave. Then she turned round and round, as cats sometimes do before they lie down. In this way she packed the snow down and made a nice warm room.

With a fairly warm place to sleep and with the mice she hunted by night for her food, she lived fairly comfortably until spring came. Then life was easy once more.

One day she heard children's voices. She knew them, and away she raced to the landing. There she was caught up into the arms of four happy children. Her troubles were over. Her little friends had come back.

SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS (*Adapted*)

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer;*
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mama's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the twisted knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

THE BLACKFOOT AND THE BEAR

One summer long ago, when the Blackfoot Indians were free to wander over the Canadian plains, the son of one of the chiefs decided to go off alone to seek adventure. He wanted to be a great man like his father, and he thought he could never become great if he always stayed at home. He said to his father, "I am going away far to the West, beyond the mountains. I have heard that our Indian enemies who live there have many fine horses. I will bring some of their horses back to you."

His father loved his son well, for he was his only child. He knew that it would be a very dangerous trip, and he tried to get his son not to go.

But the boy said, "Have no fear for

me. If I do not come back before the frost is on the prairies, do not be worried about me. But if I do not come before the snow lies deep on the plains, then you will know that I have gone forever and that I shall never come back."

His father knew that only by trying to do dangerous deeds and by doing hard tasks could his son become great. And although he was sorry to see him go, he said good-by and wished him good luck.

It was summer in the north country when the boy set out. He took a number of friends with him. They travelled toward the Great Water in the West, and in a few days they passed through the foothills and then beyond the mountains.

Soon they came to a great river. They saw the trail of Indians along the bank. They followed the trail for many days, and at last in the distance they saw the camps of their enemies. Then they stopped where they would be hidden from their enemies' sight.

That night a new summer moon was shining in the sky, and by its light they could see many horses around the camp. The moon disappeared early. When it had gone and the night was quite dark, the young man went to the camp to get

the horses. He went alone and told his friends to wait for him.

Soon he came back driving many horses. But his enemies had heard him driving the horses, and they set out after him. When he reached his own camp, he called to his friends to ride for their lives.

All night they rode with their horses. When morning broke, the fleeing Blackfeet could see the dust of their enemies far behind them. For days they rode with their enemies not far away. They passed at last through the mountains and out again into the rolling foothills. The plains were before them, and already they could feel the wind of the prairies. They thought they were now safe.

But their enemies slowly but surely gained on them. Soon they were close

upon them, and a shower of arrows told the Blackfeet that they would have to fight. The Blackfeet saw ahead of them a lonely pine tree, surrounded by small trees and shrubs. To this spot they fled. They dug a ditch and tried to defend themselves. But their enemies surrounded the spot and shot their arrows into it.

All the young chief's friends were soon killed, and when night came on he alone remained alive. He was wounded and weary, but he lay silent in the ditch. Then his enemies built fires all around the place where he lay to drive him out of his hiding place. As the fires crept closer, the young man thought that he must surely die. He prayed to the Spirit of the Storm that rain might fall, and he used all the charms he carried with him to try to bring rain.

Soon a heavy rain began to fall and put out the fires. The night became very dark, for the sky was covered with black clouds. In the darkness the young man crawled through the trees and soon reached the open plain. He crawled north into the foothills and hid in a cave in the hills. He covered the front of the cave with grass and branches and lay hidden out of sight.

For many days and nights he lay there waiting for his wounds to heal. At night he crawled out and gathered berries and roots for food. But his wounds did not heal quickly. He grew weaker and weaker, and at last he was unable to leave the cave. He waited for death. He thought of his home far away and of his people's fear and worry for him, for the snow would soon be deep on the plains.

One day when the snow was falling and he knew that winter had come, he heard footsteps outside the cave. He thought that an enemy had found him. The footsteps drew nearer, and soon a huge form appeared at the door. It was not an Indian, but a bear. The young man knew then that the cave was the bear's winter home.

He thought that the bear would eat him. But the bear only sniffed and smelled him

all over. The man said, "Are you going to kill me or to help me?" The bear said, "I will help you. I will take you home to your people. We will start in a few days." Then the bear licked the man's wounds. The man said he was very hungry, and the bear said he would go out and get food. So he went off and soon came back with a bird in his mouth. The man ate the bird and felt better.

Each day the bear brought him food and licked his wounds so that they healed. One morning the bear said, "Today I must take you home. Get on my back and hold on tight, and I will soon carry you to your people."

So the man climbed up on the bear's back and held on tight to his long hair. And the bear trotted off towards the man's home. For many days he ran

over the plains. Each night he rested and caught food to feed himself and the man.

At last they came one night to the top of a ridge in the plains. From the ridge, as the young man looked, he could see not far away the camps of his people near a winding river. The bear said, "Now you see your home. We shall camp here tonight. Tomorrow you must go on alone, and I shall go back to the hills."

So in the morning the bear got ready to go back. He said, "The snow is lying deep on the hills. I must hurry and find a den for the winter."

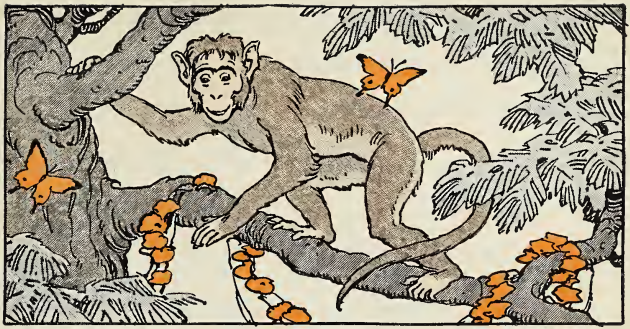
The man was sorry to see him go. He said, "You have been very kind to me. Can I do anything for you in return for your kindness?"

And the bear answered, "You can do one thing for me. Tell your people what I have done for you. And tell them never to kill a bear that has gone to its den for the winter. Tell them always to give a bear a chance either to make a fight or to run for his life."

Then the bear said good-by and trotted away towards his winter home in the distant hills, and the man walked on to his people on the plains. He told his people of the adventures and what the bear had done for him.

And since that day the Blackfeet of the Canadian plains will not kill a bear that has gone to its den for the winter. They still remember what the bear asked in return for his kindness to their chief's son in the old days.

CYRUS MACMILLAN



THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

Once upon a time in far-away India there lived a huge monkey. His home was in a great tree on the bank of the river Ganges.

Now in that same river there lived many crocodiles. An old crocodile had watched the huge monkey for many weeks and longed for his heart to eat. One day she said to a young crocodile, "I want to eat the heart of that King of the Monkeys. Catch him for me."

"How can I catch a monkey?" said the young crocodile. "Crocodiles live in the water and monkeys live on dry land."

"I do not know," said the old crocodile, "but catch him you must."

So the young crocodile thought and thought.

At last one day he saw the monkey on the bank of the river Ganges taking a drink of water. The crocodile swam near him and said, "Oh, King of the Monkeys, why do you live on the poor fruit which grows on this side of the river? On the other side of the Ganges there are many trees loaded with ripe fruit. Why do you not cross over and eat of the fruit on the other side of the river?"

"Ah, Clever One!" said the monkey,

"deep and wide is the Ganges. How can I cross to the other side?"

"I will carry you there on my back," said the crocodile.

The monkey wanted to cross the river to get the ripe fruit, and so he jumped upon the crocodile's back.

The crocodile swam along with the monkey on his back. "This is a fine ride you are giving me," said the monkey.

Just then the crocodile dived down under the water. As the monkey could not swim he did not dare to let go. When the crocodile came up the monkey choked and said, "Why did you take me under the water, crocodile?"

"Because I am going to kill you that way," answered the crocodile. "An old crocodile wants your heart to eat, and I have promised to get it for her."

"I wish you had told me you wanted my heart," said the monkey. "Then I would have brought it with me."

"How queer!" said the crocodile. "Do you mean that you haven't your heart with you?"

"That is what I mean," said the monkey. "If we kept our hearts inside us when we go jumping from one tree to another, they would be all knocked to pieces."

"Well, where do you keep your heart?" said the crocodile.

The monkey pointed to a fig tree loaded with fruit. "See," said he, "there are our hearts hanging on that fig tree. If you want my heart we must go back to the tree and get it. But we are so near the other bank where the ripe fruit is, please take me there first."

"No, monkey," said the crocodile, "I'll take you straight back to your tree. Get your heart and bring it to me at once. Then we shall see about getting the ripe fruit."

"Very well," said the monkey.

But no sooner had the crocodile reached the bank than the monkey jumped off his back and — whisk! up he ran into the tree. Then he called down to the crocodile below, "Oh, Clever One! my heart is away up here. If you want it, come and get it."

A Tale from India

WELLINGTON AND THE PLOUGHBOY

Men who hunt foxes often do great harm to the farmers' crops by riding over the fields on horseback. One day a farmer, who was at work in one of his fields, saw a party of red-coated huntsmen with their dogs coming across one of the meadows toward a wheatfield. As the wheat was just springing up, the farmer did not want to have it trampled on.

Calling one of his ploughboys, who was working close by, the farmer told him to run quickly and shut the gate. Then he was to stand by it and make sure that none of the hunters went into the field. The boy hurried away and reached the field just in time to shut the gate as the first huntsman rode up.

"Open the gate at once, my boy," said the man. "We want to go through this field."

"I can't do it, sir," answered the boy. "Master has ordered me to let no one pass through; so I cannot open the gate myself nor allow you to do so."

By this time others of the hunting party had come up, and one was so angry that he threatened to thrash the boy with his whip if he did not open the gate. The lad replied that he was only obeying his master, and that it was his duty to do so.

Another gentleman offered to give the boy a sovereign if he would allow them to pass through. This was very tempting to the boy, who had never had so much money in his life; but he remembered his duty and refused to disobey his master's orders.

This delay annoyed the hunting party very much, and at last a stately gentleman

rode up to the gate and said, "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not in the habit of being disobeyed. I command you to open the gate this moment, so that my friends and I may pass."

The boy looked in wonder at the great soldier. He had heard of his many victories and was proud to be talking with so great a man. He took off his hat, bowed to the great duke, and replied, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey my master's orders. I must keep this gate shut, and cannot allow anyone to pass without the farmer's permission."

The duke was pleased with the boy's answer, and, raising his hat, he said, "I honor the boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into disobeying

orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."

The hunting party no longer tried to pass through the forbidden gate, but, turning their horses, rode in another direction. The boy ran toward his master, shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah! I have done what Napoleon could not do. I have driven back the Duke of Wellington."

An English Historical Incident
adapted by MARY MCSKIMMON

A DAY IN THE DESERT

The sun was just coming up over the sand of the desert, when the camp began to stir. The sheep and goats had to be taken to a new pasture, for there was no more grass where they were.

Sulim's big brother had already ridden over the desert and found a good place for the new camp. He had chosen a place where the goats and sheep could find bunches of dry grass to eat. Some of the bunches were not so large as this book. Other bunches were as big as a newspaper. A small spring would give them a little water.

Soon the pack camels were loaded. Some of them carried the tents, others the food, and still others carried the bags filled with drinking water. These water

bags were goat skins made into big bottles.

Then Sulim led up another camel. He pulled the camel's head down. The camel knelt down on his fore legs and drew his hind legs under him.

Sulim's mother and little sister climbed onto the camel's back. They held on tightly. The camel rose on his hind legs. It looked as though Sulim's mother and little sister might be thrown over the camel's head. Then the camel rose on his fore legs. Now it looked as though they might slide back over his tail.

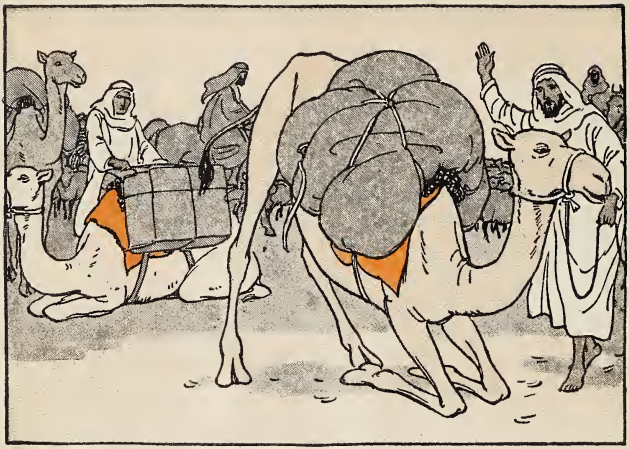
Presently the caravan started off across the desert. Some of the men rode horses. Some rode camels. Others drove the flocks very slowly so that they could eat the desert grasses growing here and there along the way.

Hour after hour the caravan travelled along. Not a sound could be heard. The camels' feet made no sound in the soft sand.

As the sun shone down hotter and hotter Sulim began to take off one long

cloak after another until at noon he was wearing only one. He did not remove the long white cloth that was wrapped around his head, however.

Toward evening, when the air grew cooler, Sulim would put on one long cloak after another. Sometimes he wears as many as six. But that is not too many, as the nights and mornings in the desert are cold.



At last the caravan reached the new camping place. Here there were date trees and water. The camels knelt, and the loads were removed from their backs.

Quickly the tent was put up. Six or eight poles were driven into the sand. These poles were held up straight by hair ropes tied to sharp sticks driven into the sand. The covering of the tent was made of camel's hair and wool.

Inside the tent there was a curtain in the middle that separated the tent into two big rooms. Sulim's mother and sisters lived in one room, while the men and boys lived in the other. They had neither tables, chairs, nor beds. It is easy to understand why.

While the men cared for the flocks, some of the women ground corn and wheat between rough stones. This meal they made into thin round cakes. Other women made a mutton stew. The stew and the cakes were cooked over fires made outside the tents.

Then the boys, who had been helping drive the flocks all day, played one of their favorite games.

They chose sides and formed two rows facing each other. Each boy threw a spear to the boy in front of him. This boy caught the spear with one hand and at the same time threw his own spear back with the other. No matter how swiftly the spear was thrown, Sulim caught it every time.

When dinner was ready the family sat on the sand. The mutton stew was placed in a big bowl before them. Sulim took a piece of the thin cake and used it as a spoon to dip out the stew.

Besides the stew Sulim liked the fresh goat's milk and the cheese which his mother made. Sometimes he had fresh dates or dried figs to eat.

After finishing his dinner, Sulim cleaned his hands by rubbing them in the dry sand. All the water had to be saved for drinking.

When darkness began to come over the sea of sand and the stars appeared in the blue sky, Sulim's father taught him the names of the stars. People in the desert must often find their way by the stars, for there are not many roads in the drifting sands.

Soon Sulim's eyes grew heavy with sleep, for he had had a busy day. In the quiet of the desert night he went into the tent and lay down to sleep on the soft rugs.

IF

If oceans were no wider
Than streams and rivers are,
The boys and girls across the world
Would not seem very far.
We'd run down to the beach and say,
"Get in your boat and come and play!"

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Jan could hardly wait for Friday to come. His father had promised him that, as school had closed for the summer, he might go with him to the cheese market in Amsterdam. Friday is called market day in Holland. Every Friday all the farmers take their vegetables and cheeses to the city markets to sell.

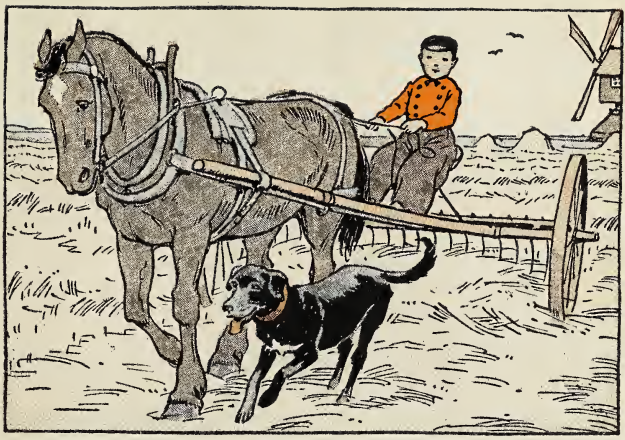
All the week Jan was busy helping on the farm. Vacation in Holland doesn't mean just a time to play. There are many things which the boys and girls must do to help during the summer.

There are the hens, the ducks, and the geese for Jan to care for. Every morning the ducks and the geese wait in the farmyard until they are fed. Then they go down to the ditches.

The ditches drain the water from the hay fields and from the fields where the cows graze. In the ditches the ducks swim and dive all the day long.

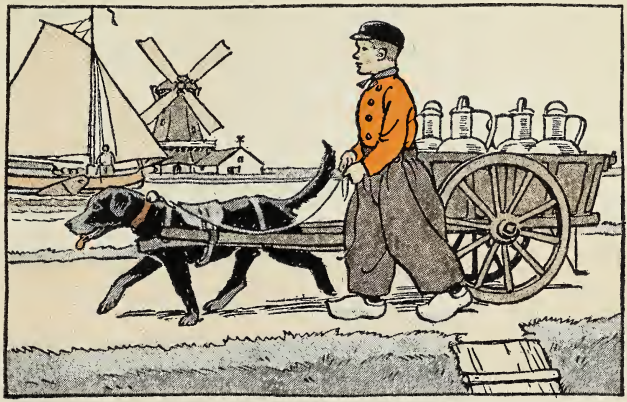
There is the vegetable garden for Jan to weed. The weeds grow so fast in the rich soil that the gardens have to be weeded often to let the peas, beans, and potatoes grow.

After the men have cut the hay, Jan must rake the hay into piles to dry. Jan's mother usually drives the horse that pulls the hayrake. This summer, for the first time, she has let Jan go alone on one of the hayrakes. After the hay is dry it must be carried to the farmyard, where it is stacked for the winter.



Dike, Jan's big black sheep dog, keeps close to Jan. He likes vacations, for then he can be with Jan all the time. He sits quietly by Jan's side on the rake or runs along by the horse. He never barks to frighten the horse or the black and white cows that are grazing in the fields close by. He waits for his frolic until Jan has finished his work.

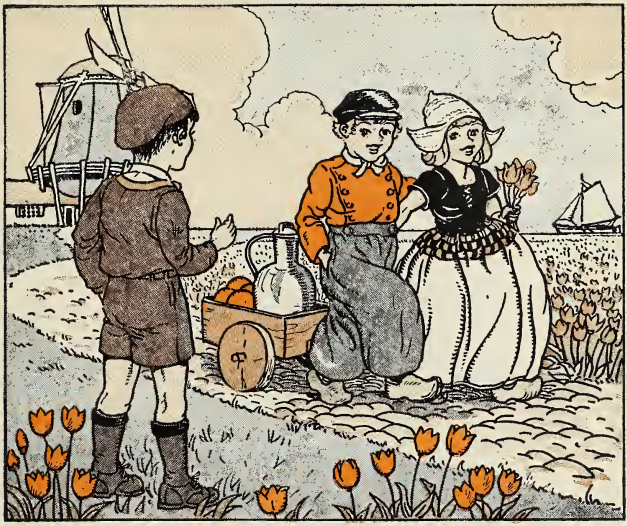
The thing Jan likes to do best is to deliver milk to the people in the town close by. Every morning he carries the bright, shiny milk cans filled with the sweet, fresh milk which his father has just brought in from the fields, and puts them into a two-wheeled cart. Then he harnesses Dike to the cart and off they start.



They follow a path through the fields until they come to one of the dikes which lead to the town. The dikes are built along the side of the canals to keep the water from flowing over the fields. Many of the fields of Holland are lower than the sea. The people in Holland know that they cannot get along without their dikes, and they take the best of care of them. Perhaps you see now why Jan named his dog Dike.

Dike trots along on top of the dike until he gets to the town. Jan walks along by Dike's side, for although Dike is a very strong dog the milk is enough for him to pull. Sometimes, when they have delivered all the milk, Jan rides home in the cart.

When they get to the town Jan stops in front of many houses and measures out the milk which his customers want. Dike stands perfectly still until Jan tells him to go to the next house. Think what would happen if Dike should chase a cat or run after another dog!



IN HOLLAND

In Holland all the children look
Like children in a picture-book;
You can't believe it till you're there,
And then you want to stare and stare,
And say — but that would never do —
"Now tell me, are you *really true*?"

ROSE FYLEMAN

Jan had been so busy during the week that before he knew it Friday had come. After Jan and Dike had delivered the milk to Jan's customers, Jan helped his father load the cheeses into the wagon. After this, he took off his wooden shoes and his everyday suit and put on his leather shoes and a suit very much like yours. Then he climbed onto the seat beside his father and they were ready to start.

Dike wasn't sure whether he was to be allowed to go or not. But as the two big horses started Jan's father said, "Come on, Dike." Dike gave one happy bark and then ran quietly along by the wagon.

The road to Amsterdam is built on

top of one of the big dikes. It is paved with bricks and on either side are trees. The brick paving and the roots of the trees make the dike stronger.

In the fields by the side of the dike, Jan saw the windmills which pump the water out of the fields into the canals. Jan liked to watch the big fans of the windmills turn round and round with the wind. Jan's father told him that

when he was a little boy there were many windmills in the fields. Now the people were taking them down and using pumps run by steam or electricity.

As they came near Amsterdam there were many boats in the canal. There were freight boats loaded with cheeses and vegetables. There were small steamers filled with people going to the city. Jan had never seen so many boats before.

When Jan and his father got to Amsterdam they drove first to the cheese market. Jan did not know that there could be so many cheeses in all the world. There were cheeses everywhere. There were big cheeses and little cheeses, cheeses of every size. They looked like bright, colored balls.

It did not take Jan's father long to sell his cheeses. Then Jan and his father left Dike to take care of the horses and wagon while they went to another market.

Here Jan saw all kinds of things. One stall was full of birds and bird cages. There were stalls and stalls of vegetables. There were tables piled high with flowers.

At last Jan came to a stall full of cookies, cakes, and goodies of all kinds. With the money his father had given him he bought a funny cookie man made of gingerbread, with currant eyes.

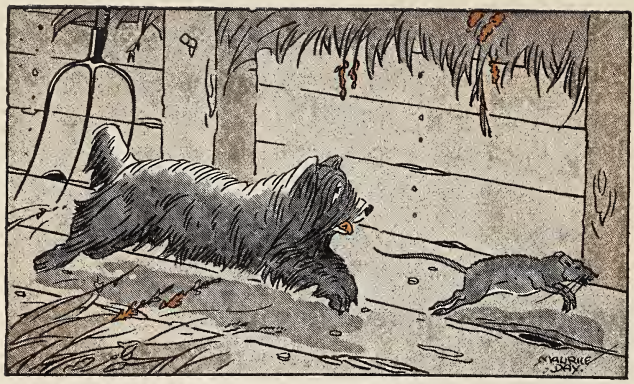
Father bought some cloth and thread for Jan's mother. He got something for Dike too. It was something Jan had wanted to buy him for a long time. It was a fine new leather harness.

THE MILKMAN

Early in the morning, when the dawn is
on the roofs,
You hear his wheels come rolling, you
hear his horses' hoofs;
You hear the bottles clinking, and then
he drives away:
You yawn in bed, turn over, and begin
another day!

The old-time dairymaids are dear to
every poet's heart—
I'd rather be the dairyman and drive a
little cart,
And hustle round the village in the early
morning blue,
And hang my reins upon a hook, as I've
seen Casey do.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



GRAYFRIARS' BOBBY

Many years ago there lived in Scotland a little Skye terrier by the name of Bobby. He was such a little dog that the children who knew him often called him the "bittie doggie."

Bobby lived on a sheep farm near the beautiful old city of Edinburgh. He did not help care for the sheep, as the two big collie dogs did. His duty was to keep the farm free from rats.

Everyone on the farm loved Bobby and Bobby loved everyone. But he loved Old Jock best of all. Old Jock was a poor old man, without wife or children, who worked on the farm as a shepherd. Even Bobby did not really belong to him, but the little dog chose him for his master.

All summer long Bobby trotted over the hills at the heels of Old Jock. At night Jock taught him many clever tricks. On Sundays he took him to church. Not a sound did Bobby make while in the church or until they got far out beyond the churchyard.

When autumn came the farmer for whom Old Jock worked told him that the winter's work on the sheep farm was too hard for an old man. In the city, he said, Old Jock could get easier work.

So Old Jock started alone for the city, for the farmer said that Bobby must stay at the farm. Old Jock had not gone far, however, before he heard a bark and knew that his faithful friend was following him. Soon the "bittie doggie" caught up with his master, and together they went on toward the city.

It was a dark, cold autumn day. Rain was falling, and poor old Jock was soon wet and cold. Bobby, however, was warm and dry. Under his rough coat of long silver hair was a woolly coat of fine soft hair which no rain or cold could go through.

Old Jock had very little money and could get only a cheap room in the poorest part of the city. Every morning Bobby woke him by sticking his little button of a nose into Old Jock's face and by licking his hands and face with his bit of a tongue. Then, after a little breakfast, they would start out together in search of work. But there seemed to be no work in all the great city for an old man.

At last Old Jock became sick. He could no longer search for work. Bobby lay

beside him licking his hot hands and trying to make him well. But Old Jock grew worse and did not get well. One morning Bobby could not waken him. During the night Old Jock had died.

A broken-hearted little dog walked soberly beside the men who laid Old Jock away in Grayfriars' churchyard. That night he slept on his master's grave.

In the morning the caretaker chased Bobby out of the churchyard, for dogs were not allowed there. But no matter how many times he was chased out, Bobby always returned. Every night he kept silent watch over his sleeping master.

Many people tried to get Bobby to stay with them, but no one succeeded. At last they decided to let the little

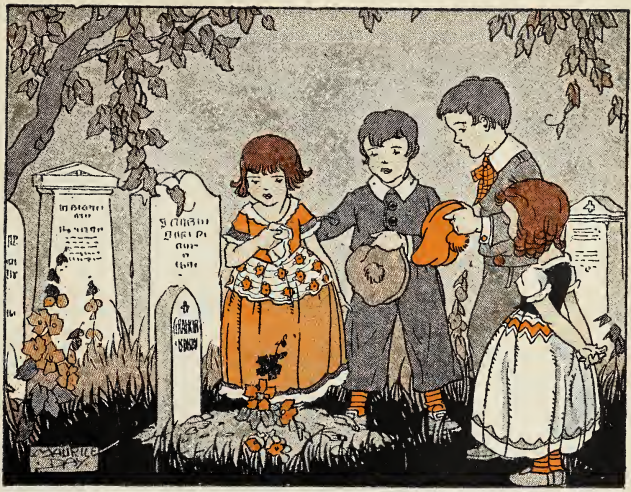
broken-hearted dog live in the churchyard, although it was against the rules.

The kind-hearted keeper of a lunch room agreed to feed him every day. The children in the houses near the beautiful old churchyard took him on tramps about the country.

But every night, no matter what the weather, Bobby slept above the place where he had seen his master laid. Soon he came to be known as "Grayfriars' Bobby."

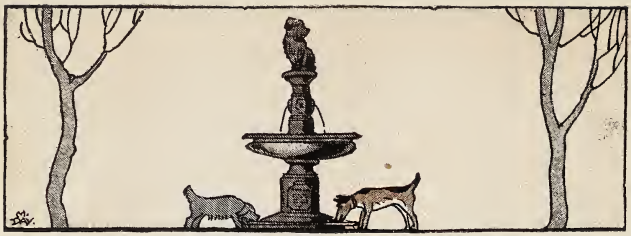
One day a policeman caught the little dog. He thought he was a stray dog, for Bobby had no collar.

The children of the neighborhood gave their pennies to buy him a collar. When the mayor of Edinburgh heard the story of Bobby he gave him a beautiful collar. The collar had his name, Grayfriars' Bobby, on it.



Fourteen years passed. Bobby's silver coat had turned to white. He was an old dog. One morning when the children called to him on their way to school, no bright little face greeted them. During the night Grayfriars' Bobby had found his master.

Tenderly the caretaker placed the body of the faithful dog beside his master.



A rich lady who loved animals thought that Grayfriars' Bobby should never be forgotten. So she had a fountain set up outside the gate of the churchyard. It is a low fountain so that dogs can always get a cool drink of water. On the top of the fountain is a statue of Bobby.

If you go to Grayfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh you can see, outside the gate, this fountain with its statue of Bobby. Inside the churchyard you can see the grave where rest Old Jock and his "bittie doggie."

An Historical Incident

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Part I

Many, many years ago there lived in England a little boy whose name was Dick Whittington. His father and his mother died when he was very young. The woman who took care of him was very poor; so sometimes he had no breakfast or dinner.

For all that, Dick was a very bright boy. He liked to listen when people were talking, and in this way he learned about many things. The men were always talking about the city of London. Not one of them had ever been to this great city, but they believed that all the streets were made of gold, and that everyone who lived there was rich.

One day a large wagon, pulled by

eight black horses with bells on their heads, drove into the little town. Dick thought that this wagon must certainly be going to the city of London. So he asked the driver if he might walk by the side of the wagon. When the driver learned that Dick had no father or mother and that he was very poor, the man said that he might go, and they set off together.

It was a long walk for the little boy, but at last he came to London. He was in such a hurry to see the streets made of gold that he ran from one street to another until he was tired and could run no farther. All he could see on the streets was dirt, and no gold at all.

It began to grow dark. He was so tired and worn that at last he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to

sleep. The next morning he woke up very hungry. He walked up and down the streets asking everyone whom he met to give him a penny so that he could buy something to eat. But no one had time to stop and help him.

At last he was so hungry and tired that he could go no farther. He sat down on the doorstep of a large house. The cook, who was very busy, soon saw him and called out, "What are you doing here? Run away or I will throw this hot water over you."

Just then the master of the house, who was a merchant, came home to dinner. When he saw a dirty, ragged boy sitting on his doorstep he said to him, "What are you doing here, my boy? You seem old enough to work. Are you lazy?"

"No indeed, sir," said Dick. "I should be glad to work, but I do not know anyone, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor boy!" said the man. "Come in with me and I will see if I can help you."

The kind man asked the cook to give Dick a good dinner and then to find some work for him to do. Dick would have been very happy in this house if it had not been for the cross cook. She did nothing but scold him from morning until night, and often she beat him with a broomstick. His bed was in an attic and at night many mice and rats came through the holes in the walls. They troubled Dick so much that he did not know what to do.

Part II

One day a man gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes. Dick decided to buy a cat with it. The very next morning he met a girl who was carrying a cat in her arms.

"I will give you this penny for your cat," Dick said.

"Very well, you may have her," said the girl. "You will find that she is an excellent cat to catch mice."

Dick hid his cat in the attic, and every day he carried a part of his dinner to her. In a short time there was not a rat or a mouse to trouble him.

Not long after this, the merchant had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He called all his servants together and asked what they would like to send in the ship for trade. All had something

to send but poor Dick. He had no money or goods, so he stayed in the kitchen.

Little Alice, the daughter of the rich man, missed him and said, "Poor Dick should send something, too. I have a little money in my purse. May I not send it for him?"

"No, my daughter," said the man. "Each one must send something of his own."

Then Dick was called in, and the merchant said to him, "What are you going to send out on my ship?"

"I haven't anything, sir, but my cat, which I bought for a penny," said Dick.

"Bring your cat then, my good boy," said the merchant, "and let her go on the voyage Perhaps some good may come of it."

So Dick, with tears in his eyes, carried poor pussy down to the ship and gave her to the captain.

"Well, well," said the captain, "now I shall not be kept awake all night by the rats and the mice."

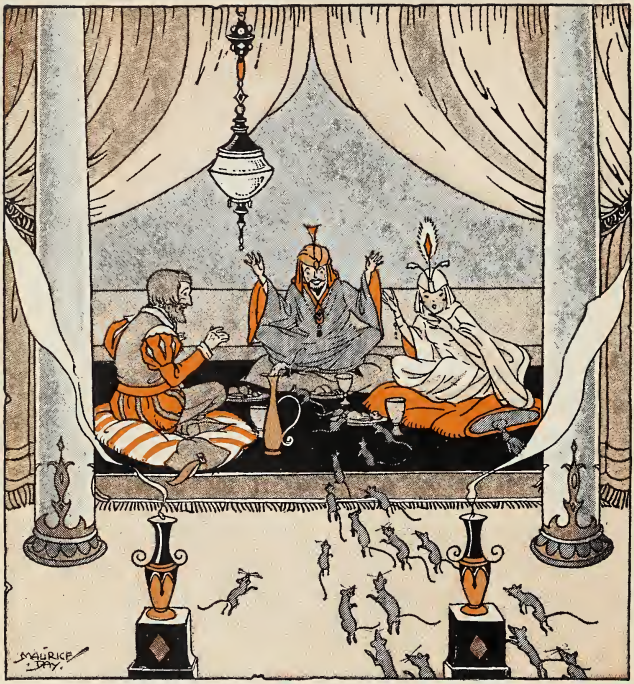
Part III

The ship with the cat on board had a long and stormy voyage and was at last driven to a strange land. The people had never seen any men from England before. They came down to the shore in great crowds to see the sailors and to buy the fine things on the ship.

The captain sent some of the most beautiful things to the king of the country. The king was so pleased at this that he sent for the captain to come to the palace.

When the captain came, the king and the queen asked him to dine with them. They sat on rich rugs while they dined, for there were no tables or chairs in the palace. The servants brought in the dinner and set the dishes on the floor.

They had hardly started eating when



an army of rats and mice ran in and ate from every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if they did not have a great deal of trouble with the mice.

"Oh, yes," said the king. "I would give half my riches to be free of them. They not only eat our food, as you see, but they come to my room at night and trouble me so that I cannot sleep."

Then the captain jumped for joy, for he remembered the cat which Dick Whittington had given him. So he told the king that he had a little creature on board his ship that could kill all these rats and mice.

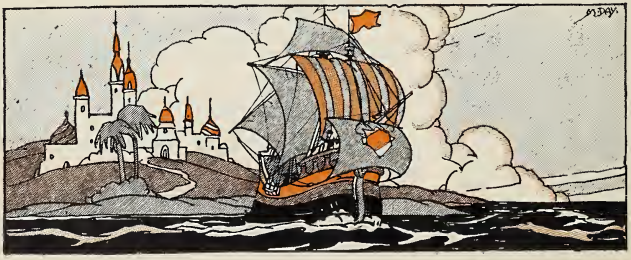
"Bring this creature to me," said the king, "and if she does what you say she will, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain pretended to be very sorry to part with the cat, but at last he went down to the ship to get her. While he was gone the king and queen had another dinner prepared. On the

captain's return he found the floor covered with rats.

As soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms, and in a few minutes had killed many of the rats and mice. The rest fled to their holes in terror.

The king at once bought all the goods on board the ship. Then he gave the captain ten times as much for the cat as he had given for the goods. The very next day the captain said good-by to the king and queen and set sail for England.



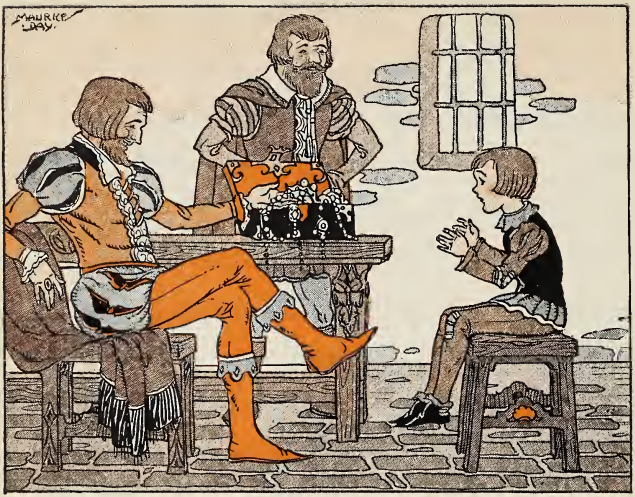
Part IV

One morning, many months after the captain had sailed away, the merchant heard a knock at the door. "Who is there?" he called.

"A messenger," was the answer. "I bring you good news of your ship."

The merchant opened the door, and there stood the captain with a bill of goods in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. He told the merchant the story of the cat. He showed him the rich presents which the king and queen had sent Dick in exchange for his cat. As soon as the merchant heard this, he sent for Dick, who was cleaning pots and pans in the kitchen.

The merchant set a chair for him, and called him Mr. Whittington. Dick thought he was making fun of him.



"Do not play tricks on a poor boy like me," he said. "Please let me go back to my work."

"We are not joking, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant. "The captain has sold your cat to the king of a foreign land, and has brought you in return more riches than I have in the whole world."

Then he told the captain to open the box of jewels and to show Dick some of his riches. The poor boy did not know what to do. He begged his master to take part of the riches in return for all the kind things he had done for him.

"No," said the merchant, "it is all your own. I feel sure that you will make good use of your riches."

But Dick was too kind-hearted to keep everything for himself. He gave presents to the captain and to the sailors and to each of the merchant's servants. He remembered even the cross cook.

Years later, when Dick Whittington had grown to be a man, he came to be the Lord Mayor of London.

An Old English Tale

THE STORY OF A BOLD RABBIT

This rabbit was born in the woods and was scared of everything. If a branch cracked or a nut fell from a tree, his rabbit heart went down, down, down into his little fur boots. But when he was grown up he just got tired of being a scared rabbit.

"I am not afraid of anybody!" he shouted through the woods. "I am not the least afraid of anything or anybody, and that's all there is to it."

The other rabbits listened and couldn't believe their own ears. Never before had there been a rabbit that was not afraid of anything or anybody.

"Oh, you Bold-One," called an old rabbit, "do you mean to say you are not even afraid of a wolf?"

"Not even a wolf, or a fox, or a bear. I'm afraid of no one," said the Bold-One.

The little rabbits giggled, covering their faces with their front paws. The kind old mother rabbits laughed, and even the wise old rabbits smiled. It was so very funny that suddenly all the

rabbits began jumping and tumbling, turning somersaults and playing tag as if they had all suddenly gone mad.

Finally the Bold-One shouted, "I tell you if I were to meet a wolf, I'd eat him up myself."

As he was talking, the wolf stood listening, though no one saw him.

"Oh, Brother!" said the Gray Wolf to himself. "Just wait and I'll gobble you up."

Finally the boaster climbed up on the stump of a tree, sat on his hind legs, and said, "Hear, all you scared rabbits! Listen, and look at me! Now I will show you some tricks. I ___ I ___ I ___"

The words were frozen in his throat, for just then he saw the wolf looking straight at him. He didn't dare to breathe.

Then something strange happened. Through nothing but fear, the Bold-One jumped up like a rubber ball, fell on the forehead of the wolf, tumbled over

on his back, turned a somersault in the air, landed on his feet, and ran as if he were trying to run out of his skin.

Long, long did the frightened rabbit run. It seemed to him the wolf was right behind him and that in another minute he should feel his teeth. The rabbit ran until he could run no longer. Then he closed his eyes and fell under a bush.

All this time the wolf was running in another direction. When the rabbit fell on his forehead, the wolf thought he had been hit by a gun. So he ran away, saying to himself, "There are many other rabbits in the forest. This one seems queer anyway and not fit to eat."

Now for a long time the other rabbits did not realize what had happened.

Some ran into the bushes, some hid behind stumps, others crawled into their holes. After a while they grew tired of hiding and, one by one, they crept out and looked around.

Then one said, "Our rabbit certainly scared that wolf. If it had not been for him, few of us would be living now. But where is he, our Bold-One?"

Then everyone began looking for him. They looked everywhere, but he was not to be found. They began to think the Gray Wolf had eaten him up after all, when finally they discovered him lying under the bush, hardly breathing and almost dead from fear.

"Good for you, Bold-One," shouted the rabbits all in one voice. "You certainly frightened that wolf in a clever way. We thought you were boasting all the

time when you were telling us you were not afraid of anything or anybody."

At once the bold rabbit came to life. He crept out from under the bushes, shook himself, and said, "So that is what you thought, you scared rabbits?"

And from that day the Bold-One was sure that he was not afraid of anything or anybody.

MAMIN SIBERIAK (*Adapted*)

THE ROAD TO FAIRY-LAND

Do you seek the road to Fairy-land?
I'll tell, it's easy, quite;
Wait till the yellow moon gets up,
O'er purple seas by night,
And gilds a shining pathway
That is sparkling diamond bright.
Then, if no evil power be nigh
To thwart you out of spite,
And if you know the very words
To cast a spell of night,
You get upon a thistledown,
And, if the breeze is right,
You sail away to Fairy-land
Along this track of light.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

EASTER

In Sweden

On Easter Sunday morning the children in Sweden have great fun. Two or three weeks before Easter they bring home twigs of young birch trees. These twigs they keep in bowls of water in order to make the leaves come out.

Early Easter Sunday morning the child who wakens first creeps out of bed, gets the birch twigs, and begins whipping the rest of the family. What cries and shouts of laughter can be heard as the sleepy members try to save themselves! The whipper, however, lets no one escape.

On the breakfast table there are many Easter eggs. Each member of the family tries to eat as many eggs as possible. They think these will make them strong and well during the year.

In Germany

In many German villages and towns on Easter Sunday, boys steal out early in the morning and climb the highest hill in the neighborhood.

There they light the bonfire for which they have been gathering dead wood for

many weeks. Soon tongues of flame leap up and up until the top of the hill seems a blaze of light.

The boys of the different towns and villages try to see which village can build the greatest Easter fire.

Another old-time custom is the giving of Easter eggs. Many days before the festival the mothers dye or paint eggs in many colors. On Easter morning these are hidden, and the children are told that the Easter hare has laid these eggs.

In Holland

For several days before Easter it is the custom for the Dutch children to go from house to house asking for Easter eggs. As they go, each child carries a long stick which has leaves fastened on the end. The children wave the sticks and sing songs as they march along.

When the children have eggs enough they boil them hard. Then they dye them for the egg rolling on Easter.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday the children roll the eggs in the field

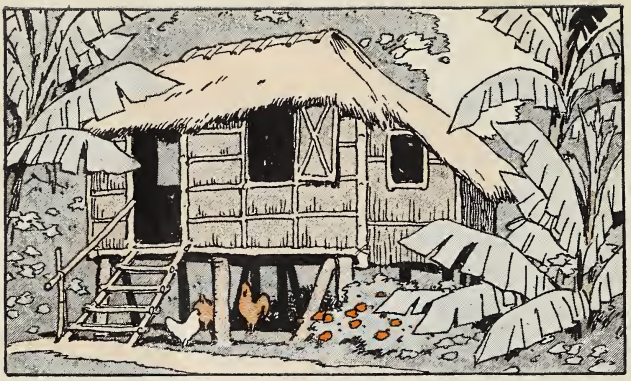
by the side of the dike. They try to hit one another's eggs. Crack, crack, go the eggs. The egg that breaks belongs to the child whose egg remains whole.

SONG

The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
  Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
  And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
  His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
  The robin pipeth now.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON



MANUEL AND RITA

Getting Ready for a Holiday

The early morning sun was just beginning to shine through the bamboo trees. It was peeping into the windows of a queer little house almost hidden by banana plants and bamboo.

This house was raised on poles. That was because there is a great deal of rain there. No matter how hard it rained, the house would always be dry.

This queer little house was made of bamboo poles tied together with strong vines. Between the bamboo poles was a matting made of leaves. The windows seemed like holes in the walls, for the windows of the queer little house were all open. The roof looked as if the top of a big haystack had dropped down upon the walls.

This queer little house was on one of the Philippine Islands far out in the Pacific Ocean.

As the sun peeped into the window it shone on the face of Rita, fast asleep on her mat on the floor.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the rooster under the house. "Cluck, cluck," went the hens. "Wee, wee," squealed the pig, as he ran out from under the house.

Rita rubbed her eyes. Then she heard Mother calling, "Come, Manuel! Come, Rita! Get up! There is much to do today. Remember what is to happen tomorrow."

Jumping from her bed Rita quickly put on her clothes. It did not take her long to dress, for she did not need many clothes in such a hot land.

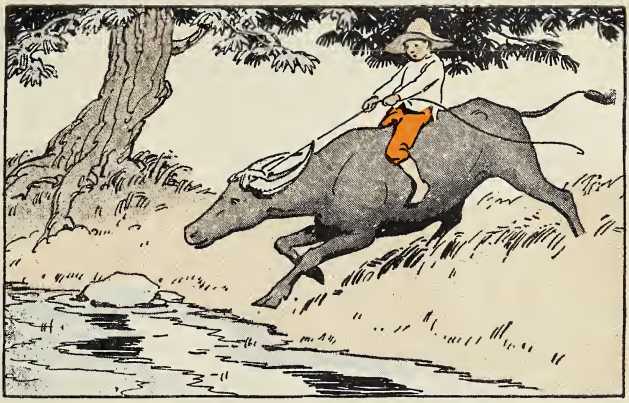
Finally Manuel got up. Sleepily he pulled on his trousers. Then he slipped on the loose cotton shirt which he wore outside his trousers.

By this time breakfast was ready. Mother had cooked the rice in a big clay pot over a fire which she had made in a big red clay bowl.

Manuel had taken his large knife and gone out into the yard. There he had cut off a bunch of ripe bananas. Bananas and rice make a fine breakfast.

As soon as breakfast was over Father said, "I must go fishing today. Manuel, you must not forget to give the carabao some hay. Then drive him down to the water hole where he can get a drink and roll in the mud. Rita, this morning I noticed that the rice plants in the seed bed looked green. It is time to plant them in the field."

Then Father, taking his fish net, went down to the shore. He put the fish net into his boat. Then, pushing out from the shore, he jumped in and rowed away.



After the carabao had eaten his hay, Manuel untied him, jumped on his back, and drove him down to the water hole. When the carabao saw the water hole he began to run. Before Manuel could get off his back, into the water hole splashed the carabao and over in the mud he rolled. Over into the mud rolled Manuel, too.

When Mother saw Manuel coming into the yard she knew what had

happened. "Change your shirt and trousers as quickly as you can, Manuel," she said. "You must help us with the rice plants today."

When Manuel was ready, Mother, Rita, and Manuel went down to the seed bed. All day long they took the crowded rice plants from the seed bed and planted them in the mud of the rice field, where the roots would have room to grow.

As they worked the children talked about the good time they were going to have the next day. Every once in a while they sang this song, which they had learned at school:

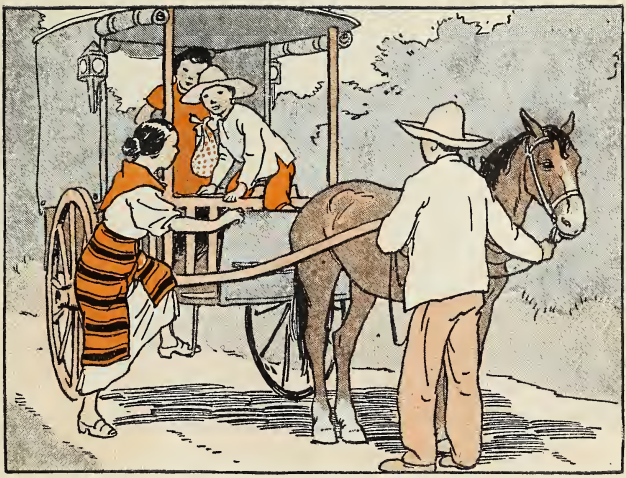
Planting rice is no fun,
Work from rise to set of sun,
Cannot stand, cannot sit,
Cannot rest for a little bit.

Once as Rita was putting a rice plant into the mud, she saw the mud move. Quickly she reached down into the mud and brought up a big fish. "Manuel, Manuel," she called. "See what I have. I have caught a big mud fish without a fish trap."

At last the day's work was over. Father returned with a fine catch of fish, the carabao was tied up in the yard, the pigs, the hens, and the rooster went to sleep under the house.

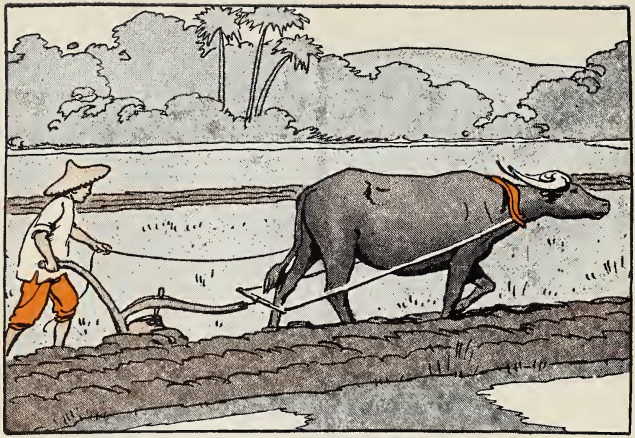
After a dinner of fish and rice, Mother said, "Now, children, get to bed quickly. We start to town early in the morning."

Two tired little children lay down on their mats. Soon they were dreaming of the happy time they should have the next day.



The Holiday

Early the next morning Father drove up with the carriage. He held the little horse's head while Mother and the children climbed into the two-wheeled carriage. Then Father got in and off they started down the road to the town where the children's cousins lived. There they were going to spend the day.



Part of the time the road led through groves and groves of tall coconut trees. Then it ran along by the side of the ocean where waves danced and sparkled in the bright sunshine.

Finally the road left the ocean, and ran along between fields and fields of rice. In some of the fields the rice was ripe, and people were busy cutting it with long, sharp knives.

In one field a man was plowing. His carabao was pulling the plow across the field and back again, making the soil ready for the rice plants.

Another field was black with rice birds. The birds were feeding on the ripe rice. The children wondered why some one was not frightening the birds away. Then they saw the reason. The little boy in the hut was fast asleep.

Manuel called to him, "Wake up! The rice birds are in your field!" The little boy woke up with a start. Quickly he pulled a string. The string pulled the bamboo poles out in the field. The poles shook the leaves that were tied to the strings between the poles. Away flew the rice birds!

At last the family reached the town. Soon they came to the house where the

children's uncle lived. Out from the house rushed their cousins, Paz and Juan. Down from the carriage jumped Manuel and Rita. As soon as the greetings were over, the children ran to join some of their friends who were playing games.

The boys played a game with sticks. Each boy found two sticks, one a short stick and the other a long stick.

Manuel put his short stick down on a stone. Then he hit the end of the short stick with his long stick. The short stick flew into the air. While it was in the air Manuel hit it again as hard as he could. The stick flew through the air and landed far away on the ground.

The next boy hit his short stick. It landed under the house. Juan's stick hit a tree and bounded back.

After each boy had had a turn, they

found that Juan's stick had gone the shortest distance. So Juan was "It." Juan had to hop to each stick, pick it up, and hop back with it to the stone.

Just as he was hopping under the house to get the stick that had gone there, out ran a pig. The pig ran right into Juan, and over Juan went on top of the pig. The squealing of the pig could be heard above the shouts of laughter of the boys.

The girls played a jumping game. Paz and Rita sat down on the ground. Paz put her right foot against Rita's left foot. The other girls ran and jumped over their feet. Then Paz put her right hand on top of her foot. She spread her fingers as far apart as she could. Now the girls had to jump higher, for they must not hit her fingers.

Then Rita put her right hand on top of Paz's hand. This made the girls jump

still higher. One girl hit Rita's hand. She had to take Rita's place.

So the game went on. Higher and higher went the hands, and higher and higher the girls had to jump. Rita won because she jumped the highest of all.

All too soon the visit was over. Back into the carriage climbed the family. They said good-by, and off they started toward home. When it got dark Father lighted the lantern on each side of the carriage. On the back of the carriage he hung a lighted lantern.

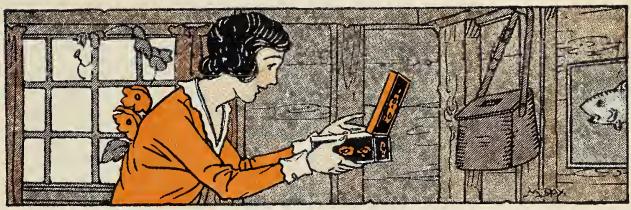
After a while the full moon came up. It made the coconut and bamboo trees throw queer shadows across the road.

At last the little horse stopped in front of the little house almost hidden by the banana plants and clusters of bamboo.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH ROBBERS

Mrs. Davis was taking the children to a camp in the woods where they were to spend the summer. Before she left home Mr. Davis gave her a box of chocolate buds for the children. These buds are made of sweet chocolate, and each is wrapped in silver paper.

When they reached camp Mrs. Davis put the box of candy up on one of the beams in the rough camp and forgot all about it.



One day she was alarmed by the loss of a very valuable ring. The ring had been in her family for many years and had once belonged to a famous gentleman. She searched everywhere for the ring, but not a sign of it could be found. Where could it have gone? The camp was far from any other camp, and no one had visited them.

In searching for the ring Mrs. Davis found the box of buds. To her surprise there were only a few left in the box. She knew the children could not have taken them, for the box was beyond their reach.

Near the camp there were many crows. Although they were noisy neighbors the children had great fun watching them.

One day as Mrs. Davis and the children were returning to camp, they saw a crow fly out of the cabin and go to his nest in a tree not far away. This gave Mrs. Davis an idea. She could hardly wait for Mr. Davis, who was to join them for his vacation, to arrive.

When Mr. Davis finally came Mrs. Davis told him about the loss of her ring. She also told him about seeing one of the crows fly out of the cabin.

The next morning Mr. Davis put on an old suit of clothes and began to climb the tree where the crow's nest was. He chose a time when the crows were away, for he knew what a noise they would make if they saw him climbing up to their nest.

Finally he reached the rough pile of twigs which was the crows' nest. What do you think he found in the nest? There were all the shiny chocolate buds and, after searching carefully, he found the valuable ring!

LISTEN TO THE RAIN

Listen to the Rain!
Hear the merry sound it makes
As it falls and slides and shakes
From the eaves into the street,
Where its million tiny feet
Hurry, hurry past the door,
Followed by a million more!

Listen to the Rain!
How it gurgles with delight,
Hurling from its dizzy height,

Falling straight and falling true,
Faster now, and louder, too —
See! The tardy drops and small
Cannot keep the pace at all!

Listen to the Rain!
Ah! It's angry now — I fear
'Tis a scolding voice you hear!
How it scolds the drooping trees,
How it scolds the languid breeze,
How it scolds the birds, poor things,
For the dust upon their wings!

Listen to the Rain!
If you listen hard, you'll hear
How the skies grow cool and clear,
How the primrose lifts her head,
How the mountain brooks are fed.
How the earth grows sweet again
With the coming of the Rain!

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

A WONDERFUL DAY

The Broken Sandal Cord

For a whole week Saburo and his little sister Mina-ko had been looking forward to the day of the Wistaria Festival. Mother had said that they would go to the park on Saturday if the wistaria blossoms were out and the sun was shining. Fujio, a cousin, was to go, too.

At last Saturday came. Mina-ko sang happily as she helped her mother pack their lunch in a small wooden box. Then Mother tied the wooden box in a piece of cloth.

Saburo had already pulled on his pleated school skirt and was ready for Mother to fasten the narrow bands over his cotton kimono and to help him on with his loose black coat. This coat was made out of one of his father's.

"Don't forget that this is your best coat," Mother said as she tied the silk cords in front.

She turned to Mina-ko, and in a very few minutes little sister was gay in a flowered kimono with long, swinging sleeves and a stiff sash tied in a big bow that came to the very top of her shoulder.

Then Mother took her parasol and they all walked up the narrow street to the corner.

"Oh, here comes a car right now!" cried Mina-ko, clapping her hands.

It seemed a long, long ride, but at last they were all on the sidewalk at the foot of the high steps leading to the park. They had climbed a short distance, when Mina-ko stumbled, and her sandal cord broke.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she cried, "now what *shall* we do?"

"Eh—that's bad!" said Saburo.

Even Mother looked a little troubled, for one cannot take a single step in a Japanese shoe if the toe cord is broken. Mina-ko sat down on the stone step. Mother untied the lunch bundle and took out one of the little towels she had

brought with her. Tearing a long piece off the side she tied the sandal on to Mina-ko's foot. Then they went back down the steps to the sidewalk, Mina-ko hopping slowly along beside her mother.

Not far away was a wooden shoe shop. In front of it they saw a carriage with a big black horse, and when they went into the shop, there sat a foreign lady with a beautiful flower hat. She had several pairs of sandals spread out before her and did not seem able to make a choice. When she saw Mina-ko hopping along, she turned to Mother with a smile and said, "I am not in a hurry. I'll wait while the man fixes your little girl's shoe."

She spoke such funny Japanese that both Saburo and Mina-ko looked up quickly. But Mother only bowed and

thanked her very politely. Then she turned to choose a pair of new cords for Mina-ko's sandals.

The matted floor of the little shop was raised a foot and a half above the ground. There were flat cushions placed here and there on the floor at the front of the shop. On one of these cushions the foreign lady was seated. Mother sat down beside her and they talked. While they were talking a man sitting on a thick cushion on the clay floor in the corner made holes in Mina-ko's sandals and put in the new cords.

The lady told Mother that she could not decide what kind of sandals to choose as a gift for a Japanese friend. Mother helped her decide on a beautiful pair. Then the lady thanked her and went away.

At last Mina-ko's sandals, with their gay new cords, were fixed. As the man placed them on the ground before her he looked at Mother.

"The Honorable Foreign Lady with whom you have been talking," he said, "belongs to the Embassy."

"Ah—h!" said Mother.

Waiting for Fujio

When Mother and the children had once more climbed the steps to the park they found that Fujio had not yet come.

In the park there were many tea booths with open fronts. Beneath the low, tiled roofs were narrow curtains, blue and white, or yellow and red. Wide, gayly covered benches without backs were scattered here and there.

Standing about were maids with shiny hair, loose sleeves fastened back, and long, narrow aprons of gay colors. They were waiting to serve the visitors with tea and cakes. The cakes were made in the shape of flowers.

High above, swinging from wide, low arbors, hung long, beautiful bunches of wistaria blossoms. Some of these bunches were as long as Mina-ko was high.

Mother gave an order to one of the maids, who bowed and hurried away. Then Mother, Saburo, and Mina-ko, leaving their shoes on the ground, seated themselves on a gayly covered bench as easily and comfortably as if they were on their cushions at home.

Presently Mina-ko began looking anxiously down the road.

"Mother," she asked, "are you sure that Fujio will come?"

"Oh, yes," said her mother, smiling, "he will be here very soon. Why are you troubled?"

"Because, don't you remember, coming up the steps, the cord of my sandal broke? Honorable Grandmother said that is a sign of bad luck."

"Huh!" said Saburo. But he looked a little grave.

"That is a bad sign, of course," said Mother. "But I think nothing very bad will happen today. The foreign lady we saw in the shop said that breaking a sandal cord would not bring bad luck, and foreign people are very wise."

That made Mina-ko feel better. Mother always knew how to say comforting things!

Just then the maid came back with a tray and set it down on the bench. Mother poured out a cup of tea for herself. Then she filled a cup with hot water for Saburo and one for Mina-ko. Next she dropped something into their cups. Right away there was a slight, delightful odor. It was the odor of cherry blossoms.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Mina-ko. "I like cherry-blossom tea!" Saburo liked it, too, so while Mother sipped her own tea, looking up every once in a while at the wonderful purple blossoms in the arbor above, they sipped their cherry-blossom tea and watched the road for Fujio.

At the Booths

"Oh!" suddenly cried Saburo jumping down right on top of his sandals, "there comes Fujio — and Honorable Aunt is with him!" And down the road he ran. At the same time Mina-ko had slipped off the bench and, wriggling her toes between the stiff new cords of her sandals, was clattering after him.

All four came smiling up to Mother. As soon as the greetings were over, tea was served to Honorable Aunt. Then each mother took a silk purse from the folds of her sash and gave some small coins to Fujio and Saburo.

"Honorable Mother, we go now," said both boys, and with hurried bows the children started away.

Soon they joined the crowd before a booth where on a sign were the words,

"Living Doll Show." On a small stage little dolls were taking part in a play. On a platform above the stage was a man with his hands full of strings that were tied to the dolls' heads and hands and feet. He pulled and guided the strings with his fingers in a wonderful way. One doll even put on her sash and tied it, then lifted a baby doll into a wee baby carriage, and wheeled it along. Another doll put up a tiny parasol and walked along with her.

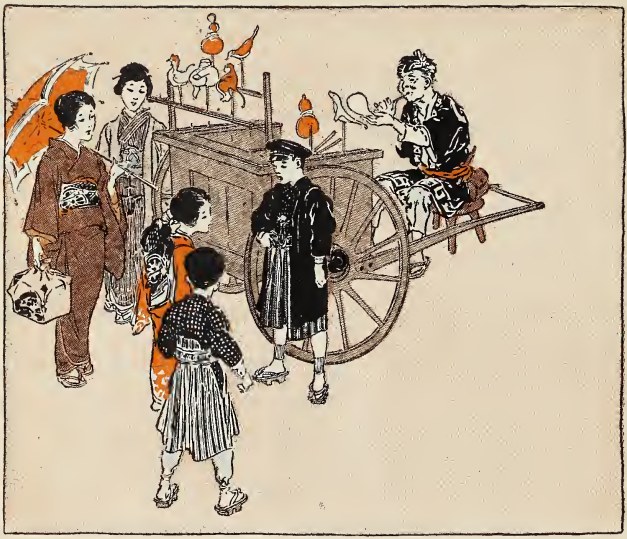
In the very next booth were ten laughing toy soldiers standing behind a laughing toy captain. A number of boys, each with a sen in his hand, were waiting for a turn to throw their coins into the captain's open mouth. If a boy succeeded, the captain's head fell off. If he missed, the mouth shut with

a snap and the captain pointed his arm at the boy who had failed.

Oh, many and many an interesting thing the children saw! Each one seemed better than the one before. Then they came to something that Mina-ko thought the best of all. It was an old man in a ragged cotton kimono, with a black and white towel tied around his forehead. He was sitting beside a table that looked like a box. The table had two big wheels.

"What do you want?" he was calling in a cracked old voice. "Your choice for a sen! A rabbit? A fox? A chicken? A crow? One sen!"

He had a short bamboo tube in his mouth and was blowing beautiful things out of melted sugar. There were birds and flowers, tiny rabbits and foxes, and



all kinds of pretty things, as light and dainty as floating feathers.

And every few minutes the cracked voice would call, "What do you want? Anything you ask for I will blow. A monkey with a red head? A rooster with a long tail? One sen for your choice! One sen!"

The old man with his wheeled table stood at the corner of two narrow streets. On the next corner was a big willow tree where a man was selling balloons shaped like fish.

"Let's go over there!" said Saburo. "Perhaps he will have a boat. I saw a boat balloon once."

"All right, I'll race you across to the tree," said Fujio.

"I'll do it!" said Saburo.

"One, two, three — eh!" shouted Fujio, and off they darted, Mina-ko clattering excitedly behind.

Fujio was far ahead, when suddenly a jinrikisha came around the corner. Saburo nearly ran into it and, dodging the jinrikisha, fell — splash — into a big puddle of muddy water. He was up in a minute, but his pleated skirt was wet,

his foot mittens were covered with mud, and his best coat was all spattered.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mina-ko, "it is because I broke my sandal cord! Honorable Grandmother said that it always brings bad luck."

"Of course," said Fujio. "That will bring bad luck every time. My grandmother says so, too."

Saburo stood looking very sadly at his spattered coat and foot mittens. This time he did not say "Huh!"

"Well, it can't be helped," said Fujio. "Let's go back."

Mother didn't scold much, but it was Saburo's best coat, and she was afraid he *had* been careless.

After that a girl brought a tray with more tea and Mother opened her lunch box. Honorable Aunt opened hers, and

there were some brown sugar-bean dumplings. The dumplings were a great treat, but somehow all the fun of the festival was gone.

Soon they all said good-by to Honorable Aunt and to Fujio. Then they walked slowly along the crowded path beneath the lovely purple blossoms swinging in the light breeze. Mina-ko walked sadly beside her mother, thinking, "That's what comes from breaking my sandal cord!"

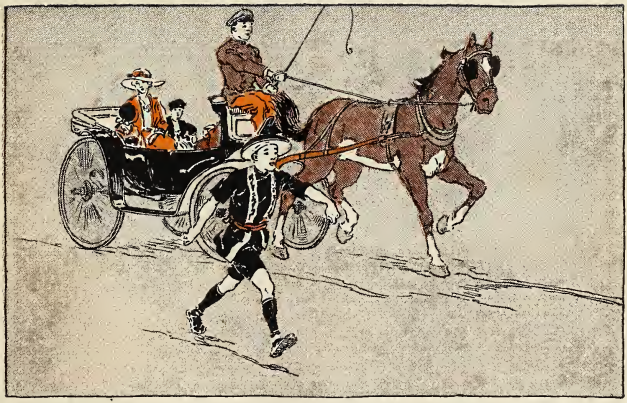
The Ride Home

They had been waiting only a few minutes for a car at the foot of the steps, when a carriage with a big black horse came rolling up to the place where they were standing. And who should be in it but the foreign lady with the flower hat!

"Now isn't this lucky?" she said in her funny Japanese, smiling and bowing to each in turn. "I was just thinking what a lonely ride I was going to have up the long hill, when I saw all of you waiting for the car. Won't you ride with me?"

After politely refusing at first, Mother finally said they would ride, and off they went.

Running along beside the horse and carriage was the betto, a man with tights, coat with loose sleeves, and a round hat



that looked like a bowl upside down. Every time they came to a corner the betto ran ahead and waved back to the driver, and so the horse could go trotting along without slowing up.

"I'm going to be a betto when I'm a man," said Saburo.

"I'm going to be an Embassy lady with a flower hat," giggled Mina-ko.

It was a grand ride for the children, for they had never ridden in a carriage.

That night, after Mina-ko had bowed good night to Mother and Saburo, she snuggled down into her soft cushions and gave a happy sigh.

"This has been the most wonderful day in the world!" she said to herself.

Then suddenly she sat straight up in her cushions.

"Mother," she called, "the flower hat lady was right. Breaking my sandal cord didn't bring bad luck."

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

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